NEW

HYMNS,

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS,

BY

RICHARD BURNHAM,

MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL,

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ERRATA.

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15 5, *for* clenſing *read* cleanſing
31 1, *for* prevents *read* perverts
33 2, *for* their Feet *read* his Feet
97 1, *for* Diſtreſs *read* Diſtreſs
110 laſt line, *for* I am *read* I'm
111 1, *for* Sate *read* State
126 1, *for* flew *read* flown
141 4, *for* looſe *read* loſe
163 Hymn 474, *for* terrelial *read* terrellial

HYMN I. *The Unity of God.*

1

'TIS a delightful Truth,
Jehovah is but one;
And all th' enlighten'd Nations ſhall
Acknowledge him alone.

2

This glorious God ſupreme,
This ſelf-exiſtent Lord,
Diſplays the Wonders of his Name,
Throughout the ſacred Word.

3

The Saints will ever ſing
The Unity of God;
Charm'd with the Bleſſings of his Grace,
They ſound his Praiſe abroad.

4

Great God, may all our Souls
From ev'ry Idol flee,
Love and revere thy ſov'reign Name,
And worſhip only Thee.

HYMN II. *The Trinity in Unity.*

1

THE ſacred Word to Man makes known,
God's glorious Eſſence is but One;
But, O ye Saints, with Wonder ſee,
The one great God exiſts in Three!

2

Theſe Perſons Three, in God ſupreme,
Are one in Nature, one in Name;
And the bright Oracles declare,
Theſe Perſons all coequal are.

3

Though not the higheſt Saint can tell,
The Mode, how Three in One can dwell;
Yet the grand Truth will ever ſhine
Clear as the Sun to Faith divine.

4

Yes; 'tis a Truth divinely bright,
A Truth, in which the Saints delight;
Here their melodious Notes they raiſe,
And give each Perſon equal Praiſe.

5

Yea, all the great angelic Hoſt
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghoſt;
Raviſh'd with each endearing Name,
In Songs the Myſtery proclaim.

6

To thee, thou great eternal God,
May we approach, thro' Jeſu's Blood;
The Triune Majeſty adore
For ever and for evermore.

HYMN III. *The Eternity of God's Love.*

1

YE, who the higheſt Joys would prove,
O think on everlaſting Love;
Before all Worlds it did exiſt,
In great Jehovah's glorious Breaſt.

2

Then, O how ancient is the Date,
How free, and how ſupremely great;
So great that Mortals here below,
Ne'er can expreſs, or fully know!

3

Eternal Love join'd Abra'm's Seed
To Jeſus, their eternal Head,
Stor'd his rich Fulneſs with all good,
Thence we receive the choiceſt Food.

4

All the vaſt Bleſſings Time can bring,
From this eternal Fountain ſpring;
The ſacred Streams yield heav'nly Peace,
Celeſtial Joy, and growing Bliſs.

5

This Love abundantly confirms
The wav'ring Faith of feeble Worms;
O, 'tis an everlaſting Rock,
For all the dear Redeemer's Flock.

6

Now, Lord, this precious Love impart
To ev'ry broken, contrite Heart;
May each repenting Sinner prove
The Joys of everlaſting Love.

HYMN IV. *The Nature of God's Love.*

1

CHRIST and his Members ever ſtood,
A glorious myſtic Man,
Lov'd with the higheſt Love of God,
Before the World began.

2

The choſen People were of old
Pure in Jehovah's Sight;
And never did he them behold,
But with a great Delight.

3

O with what Pleaſure he ſurvey'd
The highly favour'd Train;
Saw Jeſus, and his honour'd Bride,
In perfect Splendor ſhine.

4

In the pure Arms of ſov'reign Grace,
He claſp'd the choſen Seed;
Determin'd evermore to bleſs
The Members with the Head.

5

Although the Lord of Earth and Sky
Knew what we all ſhould prove;
He on the Saviour kept his Eye,
And reſted in his Love.

6

O Lord, this wond'rous Love reveal,
Take us within its Arms;
And may we all for ever feel
Its ſoul-tranſporting Charms.

HYMN V. *The Infinity of God's Love.*

1

WHO can e'er fathom God's rich Love,
Not all the heav'nly Hoſts above;
The brighteſt Angel ne'er can trace
The End of great Jehovah's Grace.

2

None can e'er know its vaſt extent,
No, not the moſt exalted Saint,
Its Length, its Breath, its Depth, its Height,
Is far beyond a Creature's Sight.

3

How rich, how free, is Love divine;
O how reſplendent doth it ſhine!
Its burſting Glory charms the Saints,
And baniſhes their ſad Complaints.

4

The higheſt Pleaſures we can prove
Flow from this great and glorious Love;
O 'tis a moſt delightful Thing,
Infinite Love to chant and ſing.

5

Dear Lord, deſcend from thy bright Throne,
And *now* to us thy Love make known;
To ev'ry Soul thyſelf proclaim,
And let us feel the heav'nly Flame.

6

God of all Grace, to thee we pray,
More of thy Love and *more* diſplay;
And when we join the heav'nly Throng,
Infinite Love ſhall be our Song.

HYMN VI. *The Unchangeableness of God's Love.*

1

GREAT Jehovah's Love endureth,
Then away with our Complaints;
His unchanging Love secureth
Crowns of Glory for the Saints.

2

Love divine can never vary,
But remains on whom 'tis plac'd;
Therefore we can ne'er miscarry,
But shall be for ever bless'd.

3

This great Truth yields heav'nly Pleasure
To the Feeble and the Faint;
Ever proves a solid Treasure
To the weak and weary Saint.

4

What a Spring of Consolation
Is the Lord's abounding Grace;
And what blissful Contemplation
This affords the chosen Race.

5

When in Trials and Temptations,
They a faithful Friend have got;
For the Rock of their Salvation
Is a God that changeth not.

6

Now, dear Father, help us ponder
On thy never-ceasing Love;
Fill us with transporting Wonder,
While its boundless Joys we prove.

HYMN VII. *The Goodneſs of God.*

1

THE Goodneſs of our glorious God,
Is wonderfully bright;
His Goodneſs will we ſpread abroad,
Ev'n Morning, Noon, and Night.

2

Good is the Lord to all Mankind,
Relieving their Complaints;
But the beſt Things he has deſign'd
For his believing Saints.

3

All cov'nant Good he doth beſtow
On Iſrael's choſen Race;
And they the God of Goodneſs know,
And much admire his Grace.

4

O Lord, thy Goodneſs now diſplay,
Thro' the Redeemer's Blood;
Conſtraining all thy Saints to ſay,
That "God is truly good."

5

And may thy Goodneſs, deareſt Lord,
Lead us to mourn for Sin;
Keep us obedient to thy Word,
And give the Heav'n within.

6

And when we ſpring above the Skies,
And all thy Goodneſs ſee,
Goodneſs and Mercy will we praiſe
To all Eternity.

HYMN VIII. *The Mercy of God.*

1

WHEN a poor Sinner doth bemoan
His Mis'ry, Guilt, and Shame;
Mercy takes Wing, and haſtens down,
To ſound the Saviour's Name.

2

Refulgent Mercy doth delight
To ſhew her lovely Charms;
Sinners are raviſh'd with the ſight,
And ſink within her Arms.

3

When from the Lord the Saints depart,
Mercy ſends forth a Cry;
Soon ſhe diſſolves the ſtubborn Heart,
And gives the weeping Eye.

4

When pard'ning Mercy thus appears
In great Immanuel's Face,
She ſmiles away Ten Thouſand Fears,
And fills the Soul with Peace.

5

Then O how Mercy ſweetly draws
The heav'n-born Child of God,
To walk in all his Father's Laws,
And prize the Saviour's Blood.

6

Now may we all on Jeſus gaze,
And view rich Mercy's Store;
And ſee her in her fulleſt Blaze,
And Mercy now adore.

HYMN IX. *The same.*

1

MERCY divine is sov'reign, free,
And infinitely great;
Ancient as vast Eternity,
And most divinely sweet.

2

The wond'rous Mercy of a God
Saves an apostate Race,
Applies the Balm of Jesu's Blood,
And yields a sacred Peace.

3

Pardon and Life, and heav'nly Joys,
Flow from this living Spring;
Streams of rich Blessings ever rise,
To make us *louder* sing.

4

'Tis Mercy buries all Complaints,
Gives Pleasures ever new;
O how she triumphs o'er the Saints,
And makes them triumph too.

5

Great God of Mercy, roll along,
Mercy to ev'ry Soul;
May Mercy be the blissful Song,
Sounded from Pole to Pole.

6

Come, O my Soul, and join the lays,
Swell ev'ry tuneful Pow'r;
Let ev'ry Chorus sound her Praise,
Let ev'ry Note adore.

HYMN X. *The Mercy of God.*

1

'TIS Mercy I want, for Mercy I ſigh,
For Mercy I thirſt, for Mercy I cry:
O when will the Mercy of Jeſus appear
To conquer my Evils, and baniſh my Fear.

2

But, Lord, I am vile, have ſinn'd againſt Light,
And ſoon ſhould deſpair, but Mercy's in ſight:
I cannot ceaſe praying, with Mercy in view;
Tho' weak, faint, and weary, I ſtill muſt purſue.

3

Dear Lord, can a Heart ſo loving as thine,
Be ever unmov'd with Sorrows like mine;
'Tis ſurely too tender, too gracious thine Eye,
Than ever to ſuffer a Mourner to die.

4

O Lord, at thy Throne I ſtill will appear,
For ſure I believe that Mercy is near;
My Jeſus is coming, I hear his ſweet Voice,
He'll ſhew me his Mercy, and I ſhall rejoice.

5

O, what do I ſee from yonder bright Hill,
'Tis Mercy appears, appears with a Smile;
She echo's Salvation, thro' Jeſus's Blood,
And now I'll exult in the Mercy of God.

6

But ah! how I feel for Sinners around,
That they might enjoy the Mercy I've found;
And Millions together might cordially join
To ſound the high Praiſes of Mercy Divine.

HYMN XI. *The same.*

1

GREAT God, how my Soul is injur'd thro' Sin
O how are my Pow'rs diſorder'd within;
Ah! ſoon muſt the ſinner lie down in deſpair,
Unleſs the rich Mercies of Jeſus appear.

2

Be merciful, Lord, be merciful now,
My Hold of thy Throne I cannot let go;
My Spirit is wounded, perplex'd is my mind,
Nor ought can relieve me, 'till mercy I find.

3

I fall into Sin, and then I lament,
But ſoon fall again,—again I repent;
Thus ſinning, repenting, and ſinning again,
Increaſes my Sorrow, and fills me with pain.

4

O Jeſus, once more I fall at thy Feet,
I cannot remove from thy Mercy-Seat;
Lord, pity the Sinner, my Fears now deſtroy,
Heal all my Diſeaſes, and fill me with Joy.

5

Now ſpeak, bleſſed Lord, ſpeak loudly within,
And let me ariſe ſuperior to Sin;
Slay all my Corruptions, give now the Releaſe,
I'll then ſing rejoicing in Mercy and Peace.

6

Yes, ſweetly I'll ſound thy Mercy abroad,
With Rapture declare the Mercy of God;
Rich mercy, triumphant, I'll freely proclaim,
And e'er be exulting in Jeſus's Name.

HYMN XII. *The Wiſdom of God.*

1

ANGELIC Beings ne'er could tell,
How God with ſinful Man could dwell;
But the great Wiſdom of our God
Open'd the Path in Jeſu's Blood.

2

Jehovah's Wiſdom drew the Plan,
How to reſtore apoſtate Man;
Wiſdom employ'd the Prince of Peace
To ſave a guilty, ruin'd Race.

3

Jeſus came down to dwell with Men,
Their rich Salvation to obtain;
And now in Wiſdom, he doth cry,
Come, Sinners, to the Saviour fly.

4

Wiſdom's the ſure unerring Guide,
She leads us to the Saviour's Side;
Points out the Way, in ſacred Blood,
And brings a num'rous train to God.

5

Inſtruct us by thy Wiſdom, Lord,
Into a Knowledge of thy Word;
Make us, O make us, wiſe to know,
The Paths in which thy Saints ſhould go.

6

Direct us, Lord, in all our Ways,
And form us for eternal Praiſe;
May we at laſt with Jeſus dwell.
And ſing "*The Lord doth all Things well.*"

HYMN XIII. *The Power of God.*

1

GOD is my everlaſting King,
God is my Strength, and I will ſing;
His Pow'r upholds my feeble Frame,
And I'm victorious, thro' his Name.

2

Devils retreat, when he appears;
Then I ariſe above my Fears,
And ev'ry fiery Dart repel,
And vanquiſh all the Force of Hell.

3

Thro' the Redeemer's precious Blood,
I feel the mighty Pow'r of God;
Thro' the rich Aid divinely giv'n,
I riſe from Earth, I riſe to Heav'n.

4

Dear Lord, thy weaker Saints inſpire,
And fill them with celeſtial Fire;
On thy kind Arm may they rely,
And all their Foes ſhall ſurely fly.

5

Now Lord, thy wond'rous Pow'r exert,
And ev'ry ranſom'd Soul ſupport;
Give us freſh Strength to wing our Way
To Regions of eternal Day.

6

There may we praiſe the great I AM,
And ſhout the Vict'ries of the Lamb;
Raiſe ev'ry Chorus to his Blood,
And triumph in the Pow'r of God.

HYMN XIV. *The Juſtice of God.*

1

WHEN Man rebell'd againſt the Lord,
Juſtice drew forth her pointed Sword;
But O, Immanuel ſhews his Face,
And takes the Sinner's dreadful Place.

2

Jeſus, the Surety, then did ſay,
"Come, Juſtice, pierce thy Sword thro' me,
"Take an Atonement in my Blood,
"And Man ſhall be reſtor'd to God."

3

Lo, Juſtice thruſts her glitt'ring Sword
Thro' Jeſus, the incarnate Lord,
Then, then he fell, he groan'd, he died,
And ſo ſtern Juſtice ſatisfy'd.

4

Now, Sinners, flock to Calv'ry's Hill,
And there ſee Juſtice ſweetly ſmile;
O look to Chriſt, on him depend,
And Juſtice is your conſtant Friend.

5

Yes, God is *Juſt*, yet *full* of *Grace*,
This I behold in Jeſu's Face,
In his myſterious Perſon view,
The *Wiſe*, *Juſt God*, and *Saviour* too.

6

Lord, may I love the wond'rous Way,
Thro' which thy Mercy flows to me;
While I behold thee juſt, and kind,
May I thy great Salvation find.

HYMN XV. *The Holineſs of God.*

1

JEHOVAH is a holy God,
His glorious Son he gave,
To make Atonement by his Blood,
A guilty World to ſave.

2

His Spirit draws the choſen Race,
A holy Chriſt to view;
And while they ſee his holy Face,
Their Souls grow holy too.

3

In Holineſs the Saints delight,
While here on Earth they dwell;
O how they wreſtle Day and Night,
More Holineſs to feel.

4

Lord, may we all on thee rely,
And love thy holy Word;
O may we ev'ry Evil fly,
And thy Commands regard.

5

More may we feel the cleanſing Grace,
That flows thro' Jeſu's Blood;
More may we love the holy Race,
The happy Sons of God.

6

May we, the Objects of thy Love,
Soon riſe to thy Abode;
Sing with the holy Choir above,
The Holineſs of God.

HYMN XVI. *The Truth of God.*

1

THE Lord, who ne'er could lie,
Ever the Truth declar'd,
On Truth the Saints rely,
And Truth they much regard;
For Truth enſures a glorious Reſt,
To all who lean on Jeſu's Breaſt.

2

But all who ſtill purſue
The Vanities of Time
Shall find that God is true,
To their eternal ſhame;
For Truth condemns the thoughtleſs Race,
Who ſcorn the dear Redeemer's Grace.

3

As God the Truth doth ſpeak,
To Truth may we attend;
Truth may we ever ſeek,
And Truth may we defend;
More may we love the Truth of God,
And ſound its Glories all abroad.

4

Lord of eternal Truth,
May we to thee adhere;
In Truth may we go forth,
And all thy Truths declare;
May heav'nly Truth fill ev'ry Heart,
And ne'er from Truth may we depart.

HYMN XVII. *The Faithfulneſs of God.*

1

MOUNT Zion's faithful King
Proclaims in Faithfulneſs,
That ev'ry needful Thing
His Children ſhall poſſeſs;
And they will ever ſound abroad,
"Great is the Faithfulneſs of God."

2

He's faithful to regard
The Promiſes of Grace,
And all he hath declar'd
Shall ſurely come to paſs;
And his dear Saints will ſound abroad,
"Great is the Faithfulneſs of God."

3

None could e'er truly ſay,
They ſought the Lord in vain,
He'll evermore diſplay
His Love to ſeeking Men;
And they delight to ſound abroad,
"Great is the Faithfulneſs of God."

4

O Lord, thy Word fulfil,
Thy Preſence now make known;
Now, now dear Lord, reveal
The Glories of thy Throne;
Then will thy Children ſound abroad,
"Great is the Faithfulneſs of God."

HYMN XVIII. *Election.*

1

I Hear the great Jehovah's Voice,
He ſpeaks his *everlaſting Choice*;
Tells me its *Spring* is ſov'reign Grace,
Its *End* enſures a World of Bliſs.

2

When the Lord choſe the num'rous Seed,
He view'd them in their glorious Head;
He clearly ſaw their awful Fall,
But made Proviſion for them all.

3

For he determin'd ne'er to loſe
The Objects he had lov'd and choſe;
From his dear Sons he ne'er could part,
They lay ſo near his gracious Heart.

4

Therefore in Wiſdom he decreed,
A Way to ſave the choſen Seed;
Jeſus their loving Surety ſtands,
And anſwers all the Law's Demands.

5

Jeſus, to thee, we now would fly,
And on thy precious Blood rely;
Find, thro' the Conduct of thy Grace,
That we're among the choſen Race.

6

Favour'd with Evidence divine,
That we are ſeal'd for ever thine;
Then with Delight ſhall we obey,
And ſhine at length in endleſs Day.

HYMN XIX. *Adoption.*

1

ALL the Lord's honour'd, choſen Race
Adopted were by ſov'reign Grace;
As view'd in Chriſt, they ever ſtood
The Children of the living God.

2

The Lord eternally foreſaw,
That they would break his holy Law,
And ſink in Guilt, and deep Diſgrace,
With all the Train of Adam's Race.

3

Yet as Jehovah fix'd his Eyes
On Jeſu's Cov'nant Sacrifice;
He his dear Sons could never ſee,
But with a full Complaiſancy.

4

The Father's Heart o'erflow'd with Love,
And ſent down Jeſus from above;
Jeſus pour'd out his precious Blood,
To bring the Children to their God.

5

Under the Sway of mighty Grace,
They ſee their Father's ſhining Face,
Smiling a great Salvation down
On ev'ry dear returning Son.

6

Lord, may we all our Sonſhip know,
As we by Faith to Jeſus go;
And in believing may we prove
Our Father's rich adopting Love.

HYMN XX. *Covenant of Grace.*

1

LOVE mov'd the everlaſting Three
On Man's Salvation to agree;
Wiſdom did then deviſe the Scheme,
How the Lord's Choſen to redeem.

2

Then ſpake the Father to the Son,
"I have appointed thee alone,
"To take Man's Nature, bleed, and die,
"Then I'll my Choſen juſtify.

3

The Son reply'd, Lo! Lo! I come,
"The human Body I'll aſſume,
"And for my choſen Spouſe I'll bleed,
"So that from Sin ſhe may be freed.

4

"Yea, I'll work out a Righteouſneſs
"For her complete and perfect Dreſs;
"And my dear Bride I'll ever own,
"The Queen and Partner of my Throne."

5

Then did the great Jehovah ſay,
"To *thee*, and *thine*, a God I'll be;"
Tranſported,—in the Arms of Grace,
Chriſt, and his Seed, he did embrace.

6

Now, Lord, to thee ourſelves we give,
Great Things expecting to receive;
Into our Souls thy Fulneſs bring,
And Cov'nant Love we'll ever ſing.

HYMN XXI. *Diſtinguiſhing Grace.*

1

VILE as the vileſt once I lay
Buried in all my Guilt;
But Jeſus ſpoke, and bid me pray,
Then what a Change I felt!

2

Still a much greater, when his Love
Shone from his radiant Throne;
Then did my Spirit mount above,
And praiſe his Name alone.

3

But *why* did Jeſus ſhew to *me*
The Beauties of his Face?
Why to *my* Soul did he convey
The Bleſſings of his Grace?

4

O how could he ſo ſweetly ſmile
On ſuch a Wretch as I;
I, who his Name did ſo revile,
And all his Truths deny!

5

But 'twas becauſe he lov'd my ſoul,
Becauſe he died for me,
Becauſe that nothing could control
His great, his firm Decree.

6

Lord, for thy manifeſted Grace,
I'll raiſe a chearful Song,
'Till I ſhall ſee thy brighter Face
'Midſt the celeſtial Throng.

HYMN XXII. *The Influence of Grace.*

1

GRACE mov'd th' eternal Three
Loſt Sinners to redeem;
Grace is the Source of ev'ry Good,
And *Grace* ſhall be my Theme.

2

Grace, what a pleaſing Sound,
How it delights my Ear;
How it revives my languid Hope,
And drowns my ev'ry Fear!

3

Thro' Grace, I conquer Hell,
And break infernal Chains;
Thro' *Grace*, my Soul aſpires to Heav'n,
Where the Redeemer reigns.

4

Grace the good Work begins,
And *Grace* completes the ſame;
Grace ſhall conſtrain my Soul to raiſe
Hoſannas to the Lamb.

5

From his abounding Grace,
Daily I draw Supplies;
Grace is the never-ceaſing Spring
Of all my ſwelling Joys.

6

And when I meet my Lord,
And join the gracious Throng,
Grace ſhall inſpire my Soul to ſing,
And *Grace* be all the Song.

HYMN XXIII. *Praiſe to Free-Grace.*

1

THOU God of Grace, thy Grace impart,
My drooping Spirit raiſe;
Be gracious to my fainting Heart,
And Grace ſhall have the Praiſe.

2

Under thick Darkneſs, Death, and Pain,
Hear the poor Sinner's Groan;
Tho' ſorely try'd, I'll not complain,
But truſt in Grace alone.

3

Tho' I deſerve the loweſt Hell,
I cannot leave thy Throne;
Still muſt I pray, and ſtill muſt tell,
Of Grace, Free-Grace, alone.

4

Ah, *now* it draws my Soul to God;
Sweetly it wins my Heart;
Richly it flows thro' Jeſu's Blood,
And makes my Sins depart.

5

Grace fills me with celeſtial Joys,
Gives the divine Reward;
Soon will it waft me to the Skies,
To ſee my gracious Lord.

6

There a ſweet Anthem, fraught with Love,
I'll raiſe before the Throne,
Chant thro' the ſhining Courts above,
Free Grace, Free-Grace, alone.

HYMN XXIV. *Predeſtination.*

1

'TWAS fix'd in God's eternal Mind,
When his dear Sons ſhould Mercy find;
From Everlaſting he decreed,
When ev'ry Good ſhould be convey'd

2

Determin'd was the Manner how
We ſhould be brought the Lord to know;
Yea, he decreed the very Place,
Where he would call us by his Grace.

3

Alſo the Means were fix'd upon,
Thro' which his ſov'reign Love ſhould run;
So Time, and Place, yea, Means, and Mode,
Were all determin'd by our God.

4

Vaſt were the Settlements of Grace
On Millions of the human Race;
And ev'ry Favour richly *giv'n*
Flows from the high Decree of Heav'n.

5

In ev'ry Mercy, full and free,
Th' appointing God I wiſh to ſee;
To ſee how Grace, free-Grace has reign'd
In ev'ry Bleſſing he ordain'd.

6

Yes, deareſt Lord, 'tis my Deſire,
Thy wiſe Appointments to admire;
And trace the Footſteps of my God,
Thro' ev'ry Path in Zion's Road.

HYMN XXV. *Effectual Calling.*

1

JESUS draws the choſen Race,
By his ſweet reſiſtleſs Grace;
Cauſing them to hear his Call,
And before his Pow'r to fall.

2

From the bliſsful Realms above,
Swift as Light'ning flies his Love;
Draws them to his tender Breaſt,
There they find the Goſpel Reſt.

3

Then how eagerly they move,
In the happy Paths of Love;
How they glory in the Lord,
Pleas'd with Jeſu's ſacred Word!

4

When the Lord appears in View,
Old Things ceaſe, and all is new;
Love Divine o'erflows the Soul,
Love doth ev'ry Sin control.

5

Deareſt Saviour, may we all
Prize the glorious Goſpel Call;
May we in Obedience ſhine,
Fully prove that we are thine.

6

Then at laſt behold thy Face
In a better, brighter Place;
Mount the higheſt Hills above,
And reſound redeeming Love.

HYMN XXVI. *Regeneration.*

1

LOST in the Ruins of the Fall,
I lay in awful Night;
Till great Jehovah chang'd my Heart,
And gave me heav'nly Light.

2

Born of the Lord,—I roſe from Sin,
Flew to the Prince of Peace;
He lov'd the Riſings of my Soul,
And ſhew'd a ſmiling Face.

3

Born of the Lord,—I feel a Pow'r,
That draws to Jeſu's Blood;
Looſens my Soul from Chains of Guilt,
And ties it faſt to God.

4

Born of the Lord,—I can't allow
That Sin ſhould rule my Heart;
But long that ev'ry evil Thought
Might evermore depart.

5

Born of the Lord,—my happy Soul
In Flames of Love ariſe;
Love my dear Father and his Flock,
And love his holy Ways.

6

Born of the Lord,—I ſoon ſhall fly,
Fly to his bright Abode;
Riſe to the Honours of his Throne,
Riſe to the Heights of God!

HYMN XXVII. *Illumination.*

1

O What Darkneſs veil'd my Heart,
'Till my Jeſus did impart
Beams of ſanctifying Light,
Beams, that fill'd me with Delight.

2

Then I ſaw,—and *now* I ſee,
Nature's Guilt and Miſery;
Yet tranſported with a View
Of the Wonders, Chriſt can do.

3

Ah!—I ſee the great I AM
Join'd in Union to the Lamb;
See the Lamb on Calv'ry ſlain,
See him die, and riſe again.

4

Yes,—I ſee th' aſcended Son,
See him pleading on the Throne;
See what he obtains for me,
Thro' his all-prevailing Plea.

5

Saviour, open all our Eyes,
Now to ſee thy Sacrifice;
See our Int'reſt in thy Blood,
See the pard'ning Love of God.

6

May we ſee the great Reward,
See the Glory of the Lord;
Shortly ſee thee Face to Face,
See the Fulneſs of thy Grace.

HYMN XXVIII. *Converſion.*

1

GREAT God, convert our Souls to thee,
And ev'ry Evil may we flee;
Bow ev'ry Heart before thy Throne,
And let us cleave to thee alone:
O turn us, turn us, by thy Gra[illegible]
Turn us to ſeek thy glorious Face.

2

Turn us from Satan, Sin, and Hell,
And to our Souls thyſelf reveal;
Turn us from Darkneſs unto Light,
From earthly Joys to pure Delight:
O turn us, turn us, by thy Grace,
Turn us to ſeek thy glorious Face.

3

Dear Lord, how careleſs have we been,
O turn us more from Self and Sin;
'Tis only thou canſt turn the Heart,
And bid our Evils all depart:
O turn us, turn us, by thy Grace,
Turn us to ſeek thy glorious Face.

4

More may we know our Nature's Loſs,
And find our all in Jeſu's Croſs;
There ſee our ev'ry Sin forgiv'n,
And prove the Way to God and Heav'n:
Thus turn us all, thou God of Grace,
To ſeek and ſee thy glorious Face.

HYMN XXIX. *The ſame.*

1

GREAT God, to thee we pray,
Shew thy refulgent Face;
Sinners convert to thee,
And ſave them by thy Grace:
The Goſpel to all Nations ſend,
And let them know the Sinner's Friend.

2

May thoughtleſs Mortals feel
The great Jehovah's Rod;
Then to their Souls reveal
The Mercy of a God:
The Goſpel to all Nations ſend,
And let them know the Sinner's Friend.

3

Turn the ſelf-righteous Train
From their deluſive Dreams;
Cauſe them to fly from Sin,
And waſh in Calv'ry's Streams:
The Goſpel to all Nations ſend,
And let them know the Sinner's Friend.

4

Look on the formal Race,
On them thy Spirit pour;
O let them *ſee* thy Grace,
And let them feel its Pow'r:
The Goſpel to all Nations ſend,
And let them know the Sinner's Friend.

HYMN XXX. *Juſtification.*

1

SINNERS are juſtify'd by Grace,
Thro' the Redeemer's Righteouſneſs;
This is a glorious Robe indeed,
And wrought for Abra'm's favour'd Seed.

2

Jehovah, in his wiſe *Decree*,
Did all his choſen People ſee
As juſtify'd in his dear Son,
Long e'er old Time his Race begun.

3

When thro' the Spirit they believe,
The pleaſing Witneſs they receive;
And they are freely juſtify'd,
Thro' the dear Man that groan'd and dy'd.

4

Raviſh'd with Jeſu's conq'ring Charms,
They ſweetly reſt in his ſoft Arms;
With joyful Wonder they confeſs,
"Chriſt is the Lord, our Righteouſneſs."

5

Yes,—they rejoice in pard'ning Blood,
And Triumph in the Son of God;
See the bright Glories of his Face,
Fill'd with pure Joy and ſacred Peace.

6

Now, Lord, our ev'ry Heart enlarge,
May we all ſee our great Diſcharge;
Sing freely of forgiving Love,
At laſt ſurround thy Throne above.

HYMN XXXI. *Sanctification.*

1

SIN is the Source of ev'ry Ill,
It draws the Heart from God;
Darkens the Mind, prevents the Will,
And leads the downward Road.

2

'Tis the ſure Harbinger of Pain,
Peace it can ne'er afford;
And while the Sinner lives in Sin,
He ne'er can ſee the Lord.

3

No, not a Soul behold his Face,
Or after him purſue,
'Till ſanctify'd by ſov'reign Grace,
And form'd divinely new.

4

But ev'ry heav'n-born Son of God
His ev'ry Sin bewails,
Looks at the Saviour's flowing Blood,
And Holineſs prevails.

5

Lord, while we look, may we enjoy
More ſanctifying Grace;
Then ſhall our Spirits ſoar on high,
And feel more ſolid Peace.

6

Dear Father, purge the ſinful Heart,
In Honour to thy Son,
'Till we are pure in ev'ry Part;
Then, take us to thy Throne,

HYMN XXXII. *Salvation.*

1

THE Name of Jeſus! O how ſweet,
How it removes my Pain;
Calms the great Tumults of my Soul,
And makes it all ſerene.

2

When of *his* glorious Name I hear,
My riſing Joys abound;
Salvation from my ev'ry Sin
Flows from the bliſsful Sound.

3

Sav'd from the Devil, Death and Hell,
Saw'd from the Curſe of God;
Saw'd from my ev'ry gloomy Fear,
Thro' the Redeemer's Blood.

4

Sins againſt heav'nly Light and Love,
Sins of a Crimſon Dye,
Looſe their deep Stains in *Calv'ry's* Flood,
And they are waſh'd away.

5

Now, O ye Saints, ariſe and ſing,
Sing the dear Saviour's Worth;
Let *his Salvation* be your Theme,
And ſound it thro' the Earth.

6

Help us, O Lord, to raiſe our Notes,
And ſwell the joyful Song;
Sing like the *ſaved* Sons of God,
Sing like the heav'nly Throng.

HYMN XXXIII. *Perſeverance.*

1

WHEN God his wond'rous Grace reveals
In the immortal Soul,
His faithful Promiſe he fulfils,
And finiſhes the Whole.

2

He brings his People to their Feet,
With an o'ercoming Sway;
Firſt he reveals their awful State,
Then teaches them to pray.

3

They pray, nor ever pray in vain,
But pard'ning Mercy prove;
Yet O they ſin, and ſin again,
And ſlight the God of Love.

4

Yet their dear Father loves them ſtill,
Ah!—ſtill his Bowels move,
Makes them a deep Repentance feel,
And ſhews again his Love.

5

Thus thro' the Kindneſs of their Friend,
They all ſhall perſevere;
Soon to the Heights of Heav'n aſcend,
And loſe each gloomy Fear.

6

None that e'er look to Jeſu's Blood
Shall e'er be caſt away;
But ev'ry Saint ſhall dwell with God,
And ſing in endleſs Day.

HYMN. XXXIV. *Glorification.*

1

WHO, who are thoſe by Faith I ſee
Around the Throne above,
Proſtrate before the Deity,
Tranſported with his Love?

2

How they exult before their King,
On thoſe celeſtial Plains!
Hark, how his Name they chant and ſing,
In moſt harmonious Strains!

3

See how they ſtand array'd in White,
O ſee how bright they ſhine!
Admire, my Soul, the dazzling Sight,
And long that Hoſt to join.

4

Thoſe Saints in yonder bliſsful Place
Once were the Sons of Woe;
Thro' Seas of Sorrow they did paſs,
While trav'lling here below.

5

But now before the Throne they ſtand,
Releas'd from ev'ry Pain,
For they have reach'd Immanuel's Land,
And there with him they reign.

6

Then wait my Soul, and thou ſhalt join
That brilliant Hoſt above,
With them refulgent thou ſhalt ſhine,
And Joys eternal prove.

HYMN XXXV. *The same.*

1

HERE the *Christian* meets with Trials,
Oft immers'd in human Woe;
Fierce Temptations, various Sorrows,
Are his Portion here below.

2

But the World, to which he's trav'lling,
Hath no Evil to annoy;
There is nothing to moleſt him,
Nothing to diſturb his Joy.

3

There he'll ſee th' unfading Beauties
Of the dear Immannel's Face;
There behold the ſtreaming Glory,
All the riſing Heights of Grace.

4

Burſt in everlaſting Praiſes,
Chant in moſt melodious Strains;
Traverſe the celeſtial Country,
Ride in Triumph o'er the Plains.

5

Hark, my Soul, they're ſweetly ſinging!
What a wond'rous happy Throng!
O what Sounds of *Hallelujahs*
Echo in the noble Song!

6

Come, Lord Jeſus, O come quickly,
Let me to thy Throne aſcend,
Bear a Part in that grand Muſic,
Join the Chorus of the Skies.

HYMN XXXVI. *The Birth of Christ.*

1

NOW the Redeemer leaves his Throne,
Deſcends, and brings Salvation down;
Join ev'ry Saint, and loudly ſing,
The Incarnation of your King.

2

Burſt from the Skies th'Angelic Throng,
Tune your bright Harps, and join the Song;
Sing all on Earth, and all in Heav'n,
"The Child is born, the Son is giv'n:

3

Given to Rebels here below,
Given to us the Sons of Woe;
To us the Morning Star appears,
And ſmiles away our guilty Fears.

4

The vileſt Mortal now on Earth
May Triumph in a Saviour's Birth;
O Sinners, hear him cry aloud,
"You're welcome to th' Incarnate God."

5

Jeſus, we come, we hear thy Voice;
Now we believe, and now rejoice;
Form'd in our Souls, we feel thou art,
And Life divine thou doſt impart.

6

Dear Saviour, help us now to raiſe
A Chorus, big with endleſs Praiſe;
O may we ſhout through all the Earth,
Th' unequal Glories of thy Birth.

HYMN XXXVII. *The Death of Chriſt.*

1

BY Faith, my Chriſt I now behold
On yonder gloomy Tree,
He bleeds! he bleeds! he ſighs! he groans!
He dies my Soul for thee.

2

O ſee the bleeding Spectacle
On Calv'ry's Mount expire!
Muſe on the wond'rous Scene of Love,
And blaze with holy Fire.

3

Stretch'd on the Croſs thy Saviour hung,
Suſtain'd thy heavy Load;
Waſh'd all thy dreadful Crimes away,
In Streams of richeſt Blood.

4

Survey, my Soul, the wondrous Lamb,
Slain for the choſen Seed;
O, the amazing, matchleſs Grace,
That mov'd him thus to bleed.

5

Deeply affecting 'tis to ſee
My Jeſus bath'd in Blood,
Viewing in him the crimſon Path,
That leads my Soul to God.

6

Now in this precious bleeding Road,
O may I ever move;
'Till heav'nly Anthems fill my Soul,
In the pure Realms above.

HYMN XXXVIII. *The Reſurrection of Chriſt.*

1

JESUS is led to *Calv'ry*'s Tree,
There, there he bows his Head;
Dies in the bitt'reſt Agony;
But riſes from the Dead.

2

He broke the Bars of Death, and roſe,
Roſe from the conquer'd Grave;
More than ſurmounted all his Foes,
And now is ſtrong to ſave.

3

When Jeſus ſpeaks the quick'ning Word,
The Soul aſpires above;
Feels a new Life from *Chriſt* the Lord,
And ſwells with ſacred Love.

4

Our riſen Jeſus oft appears,
And ſhews his pard'ning Blood;
Raiſes our Souls from num'rous Fears,
And makes us live to God.

5

Now, Lord, ſtretch forth thy mighty Arm,
And all thy Saints revive;
With heav'nly Grace our Spirits warm,
And keep us more alive.

6

And in the Reſurrection-Morn
May we be found in Peace;
While the Ungodly weep and mourn,
We'll ſhout victorious Grace.

HYMN XXXIX. *The Aſcenſion of Chriſt.*

1

CHRIST is aſcended up on high,
Far, far above th' ethereal Sky,
Having led captive ev'ry Foe,
And conquer'd Hell while here below.

2

Now he appears on yonder Throne,
Pleading the holy Spirit down,
The faithful Promiſe to fulfil,
That God with Man might ever dwell.

3

Lord, may I view thy conq'ring Love,
And thy Aſcenſion fully prove,
By feeling all my Soul aſpire
To thee, in Flames of ſacred Fire.

4

My fervent Pray'r, O Lord, receive,
Come down, and on my Spirit breathe;
O come, and ever dwell with me,
And I at laſt ſhall dwell with thee.

5

Then I'll exalt my Lord alone,
When I aſcend the ſhining Throne;
The ranſom'd Choir ſhall ſweetly join,
To ſing in Anthems all divine.

6

Not one among the heav'nly Throng
Shall ſound a louder, ſweeter Song;
To thee I'll ſing, "*All Praiſe be giv'n,*"
And ſwell the Song all over Heav'n.

HYMN XL. *The Interceſſion of Chriſt.*

1

SATAN, the Prince of Hell,
Tempts the dear Child of God;
Deſires to ſeize th' immortal Soul
That's bought with Jeſu's Blood.

2

He ſhoots his fiery Darts,
Eternal War proclaims;
Strives to devour the gracious Soul,
And ſink it to the Flames.

3

But O! Immanuel pleads,
The Father hears the Plea;
Strengthens the weak Believer's Faith,
And makes the Tempter flee.

4

Tho' he reſumes again,
And all his Wrath diſplays;
Yet precious Faith ſhall never fail,
While the dear Saviour prays.

5

And pray he ever will,
And God will ever hear,
Ever maintain the Work of Faith,
Thro' the Redeemer's Pray'r.

6

He prays,——and I believe;
He prays,——and I'm forgiv'n;
Still will he pray, and ſtill prevail,
And pray me up to Heav'n.

HYMN XLI. *Chriſt, a Divine Perſon.*

1

THE Man, who hung on Calv'ry's Tree,
And there expir'd in Blood,
Was one of the eternal Three,
In the all-glorious God.

2

O ſee, ye Saints, with great Surprize,
Jeſus his Life reſigns!
See,—while his Manhood bleeds, and dies,
His Godhead through him ſhines.

3

O great Immanuel, Son of God,
We lean on thy dear Breaſt;
Amaz'd we view the ſtreaming Blood,
That gives the Weary Reſt.

4

Help us to triumph in thy Name,
In thy Salvation boaſt;
For thou art God, the Great I AM,
Th' eternal Lord of Hoſt.

5

Why ſhould we ever then deſpair?
Why tremble at our Foes?
Why for a Moment yield to Fear?
Tho' Thouſands ſtill oppoſe.

6

Jeſus is God, his Pow'r we feel,
We know his heav'nly Voice;
Jeſus is God, he conquers Hell;
He's God, and we'll rejoice.

HYMN XLII. *Christ, a Prophet.*

1

A Wonderful Prophet is Christ,
Instruction he'll wisely impart
To all who recline on his Breast,
To every teachable Heart.

2

This Prophet, is tender and kind,
He takes a peculiar Delight,
To open the Eyes of the Blind,
And make them all walk in the Light.

3

This Prophet will teach them to pray,
He'll teach them his Praises to sound;
And ever will teach them to say,
"'Tis good in his Ways to be found."

4

Now, O thou great Prophet of God,
Lead all of us clearly to see
The Virtues of thy sacred Blood,
Which flow'd from Mount Calvary's Tree.

5

O help us thy Name to revere,
And help us thy Wonders to tell;
And may we for ever declare,
The Lord has instructed us well.

6

O give us a Knowledge divine,
Of every Truth in thy Word;
And may we triumphantly join,
To praise our adorable Lord.

HYMN XLIII: *Chriſt, a Prieſt.*

1

THE great and adorable Chriſt
Was ſurely appointed of God,
To be an atoning High Prieſt,
To do away Sin by his Blood.

2

Yes, 'twas the Meſſiah alone,
Who once did expire on the Tree;
Who did for Rebellion atone,
And ſave ſuch vile Wretches as we.

3

The Beaſts, in old Time which were ſlain,
And offer'd by any High-Prieſt,
Could ne'er make Atonement for Sin,
But all of them pointed to Chriſt.

4

And he who ſo freely did bleed,
And die, as a wonderful Lamb,
Doth now for all them intercede,
Who come unto God, thro' his Name.

5

Lord, ſcatter our every Fear,
And bury them all in thy Blood;
And may we with Boldneſs draw near
The Throne of a reconcil'd God.

6

Of Jeſus our Prieſt will we ſing,
For he by his Blood hath made Peace;
To him all our Praiſes we bring,
For we are all ſav'd by his Grace.

HYMN XLIV. *Christ, a King.*

1

TO Heaven's bright Palace is gone,
Mount Zion's moſt wonderful King,
And there he now ſits on the Throne,
And Millions his Praiſes do ſing.

2

Our Jeſus is King of the Sky,
He reigns over Heav'n, Earth, and Hell;
O ſee him exalted on high!
O ſee him his Glories reveal!

3

For kindly our King condeſcends
To viſit his Courts here below;
He treats his dear Saints as his Friends,
And gives them his Kindneſs to know.

4

This King he gives out his own Laws,
And each is contain'd in his Word,
And thoſe ſhall e'er meet his Applauſe,
Who all his Commandments regard.

5

Now reign, bleſſed Lord, we implore,
The Monarch of every Heart,
And govern us all by thy Pow'r,
And Bleſſings eternal impart.

6

Then happy ſhall we ever be,
While thy gracious Word we regard;
And ſoon ſhall be ſummon'd away,
To graſp the eternal Reward.

HYMN XLV. *Chriſt, a Father.*

1

JESUS, the everlaſting God,
A Father's Name doth bear,
And to his People ever ſhew'd
A tender Father's Care.

2

But the dear Objects of his Grace,
When needful, he'll correct;
Yet nought but Love e'er moves his Hands,
When chaſt'ning his Elect.

3

He's much concern'd for his dear Sons,
For them he doth admire;
And ev'ry Bleſſing he'll beſtow,
Their Wants can e'er require.

4

But when our Father views it right,
Rich Comfort he conveys;
Then we, his Sons, with Love inflam'd,
Run gladly in his Ways.

5

Lord, may our Souls for ever come
To thee for ſweet Supplies;
As thy dear Children, may we all
Find Favour in thine Eyes.

6

Soon may we reach our heav'nly Home,
And dwell above the Skies;
See all the Children of the Lord,
And ſing the Father's Praiſe.

HYMN XLVI. *Christ, a Husband.*

1

THE highly favour'd Church of God
To Jesus Christ is join'd;
A loving Husband he will prove,
His Church shall ever find.

2

Our Lord is tender to his Spouse,
He takes her in his Arms;
Then his great Beauty he displays,
In captivating Forms.

3

Then how the Bride her Lord admires,
He's glorious in her Sight;
And the dear Bridegroom loves the Bride,
And views her with Delight.

4

O what rich Blessings he prepares
For his refulgent Bride!
Soon will he take her on his Throne,
And seat her by his Side.

5

Then the vast Stores of heav'nly Grace,
With Pleasure he'll display;
And with his honour'd Bride he'll dwell
In everlasting Day.

6

And now, O God, constrain us all,
The Bridegroom's Name to love;
Rejoice to think we soon shall taste
The Marriage Feast above.

HYMN XLVII. *Chriſt, a Brother.*

1

OUR Chriſt is a Brother moſt kind,
So loving no Mortal can tell;
His Blood and his Life he reſign'd,
He lov'd his dear Brethren ſo well.

2

A Part they all have in his Death,
The Virtue of which he makes known;
Then,—then to his Brethren, he ſaith,
" See what for your Souls I have done."

3

" Your dear elder Brother I am,
" And one bleſſed Father we have;
" In one glorious Heav'n there's room,
" That we altogether may live."

4

Dear Jeſus, theſe Words afford Peace,
Pure Joy and celeſtial Delight;
For O they are Words of rich Grace,
That bring even Glory in Sight.

5

Since, Lord, thou art making thy Name
So precious to every Saint;
Thy Mercy we'll ever proclaim,
The Mercy that ſuccours the Faint.

6

Lord, help us thy Love to confeſs,
And help us to tell of thy Fame;
O help us to ſing of thy Grace,
And help us to honour thy Name.

HYMN XLVIII. *Chriſt, a Friend.*

1

MY Chriſt is my Friend,
To him I attend,
And on his great Friendſhip would ever depend.

2

When I'm in Diſtreſs,
He ſpeaks my Releaſe,
And fills my whole Soul with unſpeakable Peace.

3

On him I would gaze,
And ſpend all my Days,
In praiſing his Name, who ſuch Friendſhip diſ-plays.

4

Thro' Grace, I intend
To cleave to my Friend,
And I with my Lord to yon Throne ſhall aſcend.

5

And there ſing aloud
The Friendſhip of God,
Raiſe high Hallelujahs to Jeſus's Blood.

6

In each joyful Sound,
His Favours reſound,
And in the ſweet Muſic my Joys ſhall abound.

HYMN XLIX. *The ſame.*

1

NOW, Jeſus, deſcend
And prove a near Friend,
And all thy dear People for ever defend.

2

My Fears ever chaſe,
My Soul ever bleſs,
And ſhew thyſelf friendly in all my Diſtreſs.

3

Enlighten my Mind,
And ſtill ſhall I find [kind.
My Friend true and faithful, and conſtantly

4

In him I'll confide.
And cleave to his Side,
He ſays, that his Friendſhip ſhall ever abide.

5

I'll on him rely,
He'll ſurely ſupply,
And ſoon will he take me to Pleaſures on high.

6

Releas'd from all Pains,
I'll ſing in high Strains, [reigns.
And ſwell the rich Song while his Friendſhip ſtill

HYMN L. *Chriſt, a Redeemer.*

1

NOW I know the great Redeemer,
Now he lives, and ſpreads his Fame;
LIVES,—and all the Heav'ns adore him;
LIVES,—and Earth reſounds his Name.

2

Yes, I know Meſſiah liveth,
LIVES,—and prays, and pleads for me;
LIVES,—and loves, and ſmiles and bleſſes;
LIVES,—and ſets my Spirit free.

3

My Redeemer lives within me,
LIVES,—and heav'nly Life conveys;
LIVES,—and Glory now ſurrounds me;
LIVES,—and I his Name ſhall praiſe.

4

Pardon, Peace, and full Salvation,
From my living Saviour flow;
Light, and Life, and Conſolation,
All the Good I e'er can know.

5

Ah, how kind is my Redeemer,
He's my ever living Friend;
He will never, never leave me;
But will love me to the End:

6

Soon ſhall I behold my Saviour,
He who lives, and reigns above;
LIVES,—and I ſhall live for ever;
Live and ſing redeeming Love.

HYMN LI. *Chriſt, a Phyſician.*

1

JESUS is a wiſe Phyſician,
Skilful, and exceeding kind;
Through him, Sinners find Remiſſion,
And enjoy ſweet Peace of Mind.

2

Mov'd with tendereſt Compaſſion,
He relieves the wounded Heart;
And the richeſt Conſolation,
His bleſs'd Spirit doth impart.

3

O the Blood of our dear Jeſus
Proves an efficacious Balm;
From Soul-troubles it doth eaſe us,
And doth give an inward Calm.

4

This Phyſician underſtandeth
All Diſorders of the Soul;
And no Payment he demandeth,
When he makes the Wounded whole.

5

Come, ye Souls, who now are ſighing
Under Guilt's diſtreſſing Chains;
To the Saviour now be flying,
He will eaſe you of your Pains.

6

What tho' bad is your Condition,
And your Wounds you can't endure;
Yet the Sinner's wiſe Phyſician
Will effect a perfect Cure.

HYMN LII. *Chriſt All, and in All.*

1

COME my tranſported Soul,
With grateful Wonder fall
Before the Lord, for now he ſhines
Thy *everlaſting All.*

2

My Jeſus hath obey'd
All the Commands of God;
And *all* the Bleſſings I enjoy,
Stream thro' his precious Blood.

3

All the dear Names of Love
Meet in my glorious Lord;
A Father, Huſband, Brother, Friend,
My Shield, and great Reward.

4

Prophet, and Prieſt, and King,
A Saviour full, and free;
All that a Friend could e'er become,
He's now become to me.

5

He's *all* that's good and great,
All that I can admire;
All that's endearing to my Soul,
And *all* my Soul's Deſire.

6

To Heav'n I ſoon ſhall riſe,
Shall riſe, no more to fall;
There, with Ten Thouſand flaming Tongues,
Praiſe my great *All* in *All.*

HYMN LIII. *Faith.*

1

TRUE Faith believes the Word divine,
And with ſwift Wings ſhe flies
To Jeſu's Croſs, and doth recline
On his rich Sacrifice.

2

Faith looks to Calv'ry's lofty Tree,
Diſcerns the Saviour's Face;
And with Delight ſhe doth ſurvey
The Wonders of his Grace.

3

This precious Faith, which comes from God,
Leads always to the Lamb;
And is much pleas'd with pard'ning Blood,
And drinks the healing Balm.

4

Faith ſays, my Jeſus ſtill is mine,
Tho' gloomy Clouds ariſe;
Faſtens on Promiſes divine,
And ſoars above the Skies.

5

Delights in great Jehovah's Voice,
Dwells on the Saviour's Blood;
In Truth eternal doth rejoice,
And ventures all with God.

6

Jeſus, ſubdue my ev'ry Foe,
My little Faith increaſe;
Soon from the dreary Waſte below
Take me to Realms of Bliſs.

HYMN LIV. *Repentance.*

1

JESUS his Meſſengers hath ſent
To warn the Nations to repent;
Their high Commiſſion they revere,
Nor all the Pow'rs of Darkneſs fear.

2

Round the wide World they do proclaim
Repentance thro' the Saviour's Name;
Down comes the Spirit of his Grace
To give the Goſpel great Succeſs.

3

Sinners by Thouſands turn to God,
Pleading a Mediator's Blood;
Amaz'd—they hear a Voice from Heav'n
Proclaiming all their Sins forgiv'n.

4

Then they rejoice, and raiſe a Song,
And roll the Saviour's Praiſe along;
Thro' the wholeEarth the Chorus ſounds,
How "Sov'reign Grace o'er Sin abounds."

5

Lord, we believe the Tidings true,
And after Mercy now purſue;
Catch the ſweet Echoes of thy Grace,
That heals the penitential Race.

6

MORE of Repentance Lord impart;
MORE of Salvation to the Heart;
MORE of thy Mercy may we know;
MORE of a Heav'n, while here below.

HYMN LV. *Hope.*

1

OUR Jeſus is the God of Hope,
He works it by his Pow'r;
It holds the weak Believer up,
In the diſtreſſing Hour.

2

The darkeſt Cloud, Hope pierces thro',
And waits upon the Lord;
Expects to prove that all is true,
Throughout the ſacred Word.

3

True Hope looks out for Bleſſings great,
And though they're long delay'd,
Yet Hope's determin'd ſtill to wait,
Until they are convey'd.

4

Hope long will wait, and wait again,
And ne'er can give it up,
'Till the bleſs'd Lamb, who once was ſlain,
Appears the God of Hope.

5

O Lord, look down on ev'ry Saint,
Whoſe Hope is fix'd on thee,
Come, Jeſus, and revive the Faint,
And promis'd Good convey.

6

The God of Hope we now adore,
Nor longer will complain;
But hope to know him more and more,
Nor ſhall we hope in vain.

HYMN LVI. *Love.*

1

WHEN Love divine is ſhed abroad
In a poor Sinner's Heart,
He's then tranſported with his God,
And with his Sins doth part.

2

O how he loves his loving Lord,
What Flames of Love he feels;
O how he loves the ſacred Word,
That ſuch great Love reveals!

3

Love fills his Soul with great Concern
For all the human Race;
Love makes his piteous Bowels yearn
With godly Tenderneſs.

4

This Love makes all the called Sheep
Look lovely in his Sight;
With Jeſu's Flock he loves to keep,
And 'tis his great Delight.

5

Lord, may the ſhining Beams of Love
Afford us conſtant Peace;
And may we all go on to prove
The Riches of thy Grace.

6

Now, deareſt Lord, we thee implore
To ſend thy heav'nly Dove,
And bleſs our Souls for evermore
With all th' Increaſe of Love.

HYMN LVII. *Zeal.*

1

LORD, may our happy Souls
Prize great Immanuel's Blood,
And ever feel a flaming Love;
For our redeeming God.

2

A careleſs lukewarm State,
O may we ever dread;
But find a conſtant, growing Zeal
For our exalted Head.

3

Lord, may we all go on
Regardleſs of our Foes,
And make the World our Zeal admire,
And tremble to oppoſe.

4

Fill us with Strength divine
To vindicate thy Laws;
Give us the tendereſt Concern
For thy moſt glorious Cauſe.

5

Like Lions we would be,
Courageous, ſtrong, and bold;
Nothing we'd fear, ſince Chriſt the Lord
Will ev'ry Saint uphold.

6

We'd face the fierceſt Foe,
Nor Devils ever fear;
But boldly march in Zion's Ways,
'Till we in Heav'n appear.

HYMN LVIII. *Meekneſs.*

1

MAY we muſe on our dear Jeſus,
Who was ever meek and mild;
Meekneſs he will ever teach us,
It adorns his ev'ry Child.

2

When on Chriſt we are reclining,
And enjoying Goſpel Reſt,
Then in Meekneſs we are ſhining,
And appear like Jeſus Chriſt.

3

Now, dear Saviour, take, O take us,
Under thy delightful Sway;
And may thy good Spirit make us
Ever to reſemble thee.

4

Make us meek in Diſpoſition,
Heav'nly Tempers would we feel;
May no furious raging Paſſion
E'er amongſt thy Saints prevail.

5

When from thee a Saint is roving,
We'd be fill'd with great Concern,
And in Meekneſs be reproving,
Till to God he does return.

6

O thou meek and lowly Saviour,
We'd for Meekneſs ever pray;
Make us meek in our Behaviour,
Make us meek in all we ſay.

HYMN LIX. *Humility.*

1

HUMILITY the Lord beholds
With an approving Eye;
In humble Souls he doth delight,
For ſuch on him rely.

2

In their own Views, they nothing ſeem,
For Chriſt is their great All;
And 'tis their higheſt Happineſs
Before his Croſs to fall.

3

Thou humble Jeſus, give us all
Our Nothingneſs to ſee;
Ne'er in ourſelves we dare to boaſt,
But humbly boaſt in thee.

4

What haſt thou promis'd, deareſt Lord,
To humble Spirits here?
'Tis to beſtow the choiceſt Good,
And dry the flowing Tear.

5

Lord, conquer Pride, that ſwelling Sin,
Bid all its Pow'r depart;
May we all walk thy ſacred Paths,
In Lowlineſs of Heart.

6

May we be more like Saints above,
Who all thy Glory ſee;
Who caſt their Crowns at thy dear Feet,
And loſe themſelves in thee.

HYMN LX. *Patience.*

1

O Lord, to us draw near,
And now Compaſſion ſhew;
Make us with Patience bear
Affliction here below:
With Patience we'd to thee reſign,
And ne'er againſt the Lord repine.

2

Though Pains we feel each Day,
We'd tremble to rebel;
But cordially would ſay,
"The Lord doth all Things well:"
Suſtain with Patience ev'ry Loſs,
Endure the foreſt, ſharpeſt Croſs.

3

O God, may thine Elect
E'er lean upon thy Breaſt,
And conſtantly reflect
Upon a patient Chriſt:
Thus may they all more patient grow
Under all Trials here below.

4

If Troubles do abound
Like ſharp, and flaming Swords,
Yet ne'er may we be found
To utter haſty Words;
But in much Patience we'd go on,
Saying, "O Lord, thy Will be done."

HYMN LXI. *Sincerity.*

1

O God, thou glorious King,
Thine Eyes pierce through the World;
And ev'ry ſecret Thing
Thou clearly doſt behold;
Our Hearts are open to thy View,
And thou inſpecteſt all we do.

2

Then may we ever dread
To trifle with thy Word,
And ever be afraid
To ſin againſt the Lord;
O may our Hearts be right with thee,
What'er we do, whate'er we ſay.

3

May we be kept ſincere,
And e'er to Chriſt cleave faſt;
And may we not appear
Amongſt the Goats at laſt,
To hear the Judge with Anger ſay,
"Ye Hypocrites, depart from me."

4

O may we be upright
In all that we profeſs,
And in our God delight,
And ever grow in Grace;
Then we at laſt ſhall ſurely dwell,
With Jeſus Chriſt on Zion's Hill.

HYMN LXII. *Forbearance.*

1

JESUS, Source of our Salvation,
May we more thy Nature know;
Then more Bowels of Compaſſion
We to thy dear Saints ſhall ſhew.

2

May the Grace thou haſt imparted,
In relieving our Complaints,
Make us kind and tender-hearted
To the feebleſt of thy Saints.

3

When they are ſeverely tempted,
We their Sorrows would aſſwage,
Knowing we are not exempted
From the Tempter's furious Rage.

4

If by Sin they're overtaken,
We'd their Faults to them declare,
But in Strains of much Compaſſion,
Leſt we drive them to Deſpair.

5

Keep us from a proud Appearance,
In whate'er we do, or ſay;
Fill us with divine Forbearance,
Then how happy we ſhall be!

6

Hand in Hand we would be walking,
Eyeing Jeſu's new Command;
Of his Love we'd e'er be talking,
'Till we reach fair Canaan's Land.

HYMN LXIII. *Simplicity.*

1

O How engaging 'tis to ſee
The Marks of true Simplicity!
Who can its Beauties fairly paint?
Not the moſt wiſe and heav'nly Saint.

2

The Simple we ſhall ever find
Are humble, harmleſs, free, and kind;
Gentle and eaſy, ſoft and mild,
The Tranſcript of a little Child.

3

The Beauties of the Prince of Peace
Center in this refulgent Grace;
Saints are all glorious as they ſhine
With ſuch a Temper, ſo divine.

4

The proud imperious Heart ſhall feel
The Sorrows of a preſent Hell;
But to the Simple ſhall be giv'n
The Pleaſures of a preſent Heav'n.

5

Come, bleſſed Lord, and ſweetly ſmile,
And keep us ever free from Guile;
Give us Nathaniel's Frame of Mind,
Artleſs, and meek, and all reſign'd.

6

Then greater Things ſhall we poſſeſs,
Far greater Joy, more ſolid Peace;
O bleſſed Jeſus, now impart
The Bleſſing of a ſimple Heart.

HYMN LXIV. *Unity.*

1

JESUS, cement our Hearts as one,
And bury all Complaints;
May nought divide us from thyſelf,
Or from thy honour'd Saints.

2

O may we feel the Flames of Love
In ev'ry Boſom burn;
Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And mourn with them that mourn.

3

Lord, may our Souls for ever be
To evil Tempers dead;
Make us more gentle, meek, and mild,
More like our glorious Head.

4

Never may haughty, furious Words
Our honour'd Lips defile;
Contention we would ne'er promote,
But ſtrive to reconcile.

5

Long ſuff'ring,—courteous,—loving,—kind,
We ever wiſh to be,
Juſt like the lovely, patient Lamb,
That died on Calv'ry's Tree.

6

Then at the great and awful Day,
When Jeſus ſhall appear,
We, as his Saints ſhall ſtand approv'd,
Without a riſing Fear.

HYMN LXV. *The ſame.*

1

DEAR God, 'tis pleaſant to behold,
Delightful 'tis to find,
The Sheep and Lambs of Jeſu's Fold
In Goſpel-union join'd.

2

For when thy Saints together dwell
In pure celeſtial Love,
Then they divine Enjoyments feel,
And Heav'n below they prove.

3

Come, precious Jeſus, and remove
Thy People's ſad Complaints,
Enter the Chariot of thy Love,
And ride amongſt thy Saints.

4

O drive our Diſcords all away
In Streams of ſacred Blood;
And may we evermore agree
To ſeek each others Good.

5

Jeſus, our Eye is now to thee;
On ev'ry Spirit ſhine;
Then O how tender we ſhall be
To ev'ry Child of thine!

6

May we in heav'nly Kindneſs grow,
And to fair Canaan move;
There ſhall we all for ever know,
That God indeed is Love.

HYMN LXVI. *Joy.*

1

COME, all ye Saints of God,
Your grateful Tongues employ;
Sing of a Saviour's pard'ning Blood,
And *shout aloud for Joy.*

2

Once were ye sunk in Earth,
But now ye dwell on high,
Partakers of a glorious Birth,
Then *shout aloud for Joy.*

3

Tho' Evils still arise,
And many Fears annoy,
Up to the Saviour lift your Eyes,
And *shout aloud for Joy.*

4

View the eternal Crown,
The Pow'rs of Hell defy;
Keep in full View the Saviour's Throne,
And *shout aloud for Joy.*

5

Lord, raise our Hearts above
Ev'ry delusive Toy;
The fulness of Salvation prove,
And *shout aloud for Joy.*

6

Soon may thy tender Hand,
Wipe ev'ry weeping Eye;
Soon may we enter Canaan's Land,
And *shout aloud for Joy.*

HYMN LXVII. *Fear.*

1

HAPPY the Men, who fear the Lord,
Who fly forbidden Ways,
Who from their Hearts deteſt all Sin,
And live their Maker's Praiſe.

2

Mov'd by a gen'rous filial Fear,
They ſerve the great I AM,
Walk in his Paths, revere his Word,
And love his wondrous Name.

3

Tho' they're oppos'd by Earth and Hell,
They cleave to Jeſu's Blood;
Upright in Heart, they ſtill purſue
The Road that leads to God.

4

Where'er this ſacred Fear prevails,
Hateful is ev'ry Sin,
Then how the Saint with Fervour prays,
For Purity within.

5

Whate'er he does 'tis his Deſire
To keep the Lord in Sight;
In loving, fearing, ſerving him,
He feels a pure Delight.

6

O Lord, to ev'ry Saint impart
More of this filial Fear;
Soon may we all at thy Right-Hand
Triumphantly appear.

HYMN LXVIII. *To the Holy Ghoſt.*

1

THOU Holy Spirit, breathe
Thy quick'ning pow'r impart,
Thine heav'nly Unction give,
And warm the frozen Heart;
Now let us feel thy ſacred Fire,
And ev'ry Soul with Love inſpire.

2

Conquer the Pow'rs of Hell,
Break down the Walls of Sin;
And let us ever feel
Thy Reſidence within;
Let us enjoy thy ſacred Fire,
And ev'ry Soul with Love inſpire.

3

Burſt from thy burning Throne,
And make the Devils fly,
Breathe ev'ry Evil down,
And we ſhall mount on high;
Now may we feel thy ſacred Fire,
And ev'ry Soul with Love inſpire.

4

Breathe Darkneſs all away,
Let Light and Life be giv'n;
And breathe us into Day,
O breathe us into *Heav'n*;
There we ſhall feel thy ſacred Fire,
And all thy glorious Grace admire.

HYMN LXIX. *God is Love.*

1

GOD of eternal Love,
How lovely is thy Face;
What haſt thou done to prove
The Wonders of thy Grace!
Saints here below, and all above,
Sing the grand Fact, that God is *Love*.

2

Thine ancient Thoughts of Peace,
Jeſu's atoning Blood,
The Spirit's ſhining Grace,
Proclaim the Truth aloud;
And Zion's Sons ſhall ever prove,
That God is altogether *Love*.

3

Here heav'nly Favours meet,
From this great Spring they riſe;
Salvation all compleat,
Life, and eternal Joys:
All bleſſings *here*, and all *above*,
Flow from the great Jehovah's Love.

4

Love runs thro' all his Name,
His Nature too is Love,
And Saints will e'er proclaim
This Truth in Realms above:
There they ſhall all more *fully* prove,
That God is altogether Love.

HYMN LXX. *Opening of Public Worſhip.*

1

NOW in the ſacred Houſe of God,
We all once more appear,
To ſing his Praiſes,—hear his Word,
And worſhip him in Pray'r.

2

O Lord, our Spirits ſolemnize,
While in thy Courts we ſtand;
Up to thy Throne we liſt our Eyes,
And bow to thy Command.

3

When we approach the Throne of Grace,
O may we ſweetly find
The Beauties of Immanuel's Face
Break forth on ev'ry Mind.

4

While the Redeemer's Praiſe we ſing,
And chant his ſov'reign Grace,
May the bright Glories of our King
Shine all around the Place.

5

Lord, when we hear thy ſacred Word,
Apply it by thy Pow'r;
Then heav'nly Truths we ſhall regard,
And thy great Name adore.

6

May the bright Beams of ſov'reign Love
With heav'nly ſplendor ſhine;
And may this Place a Bethel prove
To ev'ry Child of thine.

HYMN LXXI. *Public Worſhip.*

1

ZION's the *Reſting Place* of God,
In Zion he'll reſide;
Here all his ſtately Steps are ſeen,
And Mercies are diſplay'd.

2

From yonder Throne, Jehovah ſpeaks,
In Accents all divine;
"Here is my Reſt, and here I'll dwell;
"Here ſhall my Glories ſhine."

3

Here will I meet my choſen Race;
Here will I feaſt my Saints;
Here will I bleſs immortal Souls,
And baniſh all Complaints.

4

Here is pure Milk, and Wine, and Oil,
And here is living Bread;
All the rich Fruits of heav'nly Love,
A Table richly ſpread.

5

Lord, may we all who here are met
Of thy Proviſion taſte;
May ev'ry Spirit ſweetly feed
On this divine Repaſt.

6

May we digeſt celeſtial Food,
Flouriſh—and grow in Grace;
Gratefully own thy lib'ral Hand,
And love thy Dwelling Place.

HYMN LXXII. *Lord's Day.*

1

THIS is the Day the Lord hath made,
His Name will we adore;
This is the Day the Saviour roſe,
And made Salvation ſure.

2

This is the Day that's ſet apart,
That all the Saints may trace
Their *living,—dying,—riſing* Lord,
The glorious Prince of Peace.

3

Zion's dear Sons confeſs the Day,
Flock to the Saviour's Breaſt;
Worſhip their great exalted King,
And enter into Reſt.

4

Lord, may we prize the Sabbath Day,
Thy Houſe may we revere;
Drawn by the great Redeemer's Love,
And not by ſlaviſh Fear.

5

This is the Day we wait to ſee,
Chriſt on a Goſpel Pole;
Prove it the Sabbath of the Lord,
The Sabbath of the Soul.

6

And when we leave thine earthly Courts
To Heav'n may we aſcend;
There the ſweet Sabbath of the Lord
Shall never, never end.

HYMN LXXIII. *Union among Miniſters.*

1

MAY thy Servants, deareſt Lord,
Love to preach the Goſpel-Word;
Give them clearer, brighter Views,
While they ſound the bliſsful News.

2

Let them feel the Force of Love,
Streaming from the Throne above;
All their Hearts as one unite,
Keep their Spirits always right.

3

Each eſteem himſelf the leaſt,
Each on ſov'reign Mercy feaſt;
All exalt the wond'rous Lamb,
All delight to tell his Fame.

4

Altogether firmly join
To attack the Monſter, Sin;
All proclaim the Saviour's Blood,
As the only Path to God.

5

All agree in Holineſs,
All agree to live in Peace;
All agree in Pray'r and Praiſe,
Love and ſerve thee all their Days.

6

Give them *all* the Word of Peace,
Crown them *all* with great Succeſs;
Flaming Love to *all* be giv'n,
Bring them *all* at laſt to Heav'n.

HYMN LXXIV. *Affliction.*

1

COME, ye afflicted Saints,
Oft tempted to deſpair,
Fly to your great Redeeming God,
On him caſt all your Care.

2

What though you now are thrown
Amidſt Affliction's Flame,
Yet O exult, for Jeſu's Voice
Deliv'rance doth proclaim.

3

The Saviour ſtands reſolv'd
To ſuccour all the Faint;
His Love's ſo great, he'll never leave
The poor afflicted Saint.

4

Our Lord doth ſympathize
With ev'ry tender Lamb;
And he'll ſupport each tempted Soul,
That truſts in his great Name.

5

Come, ye deſponding Saints,
No more indulge your Fears;
From the refulgent Throne of Love,
Jeſus the Lord appears.

6

He ſpeaks, and bids us come,
And lean upon his Breaſt;
Says, he'll receive our Souls at laſt
To Heav'n's eternal Reſt.

HYMN LXXV. *Affliction.*

1

IT ſtands in great Jehovah's Word,
That all the Ranſom'd of the Lord
Shall paſs thro' Sorrows, Grief and Woe,
While to fair Canaan's Land they go.

2

Many and great their Trials are,
But ev'ry Trial they ſhall bear,
While they the Word of God regard,
And caſt their Burdens on the Lord.

3

None of the Saints ſhall e'er be loſt,
Though on the foaming Waves they're toſt;
Yea, tho' the mighty Billows roar,
Yet Chriſt will bring them ſafe to Shore.

4

Now, deareſt Lord, thine Hand ſtretch forth,
And give us Strength, while here on Earth;
Then take us to our wiſh'd-for Home,
Where Pains and Sorrows ne'er ſhall come.

5

Lord, how delightful will it be,
When we ſhall all thy Glory ſee,
And ſtand before thy ſhining Throne,
Never to feel a riſing Groan!

6

But in the moſt melodious Songs
Will be employ'd our happy Tongues;
Loud will we ſing *deliv'ring Grace*,
In the bright World of heav'nly Bliſs.

HYMN LXXVI. *Affliction.*

1

WHILE Saints are below,
Great Trials they know,
nd thro' much Affliction to Cănaan they go.

2

The Devils do fight,
With all their whole Might,
gainſt all the Objects of Jeſu's Delight.

3

And Worldlings combine,
With Devils they join,
nd ſtrive to diſcourage the Lord's choſen Train.

4

Profeſſors likewiſe
Will often deſpiſe
The Souls that are precious in Jeſus's Eyes.

5

And what does increaſe
The Saints deep Diſtreſs [Face.
s when their dear Saviour conceals his bright

6

No Mortal can tell
The Sorrows they feel;
ButOh! they at laſt with their Saviour ſhall dwell.

HYMN LXXVII. *Affliction.*

1

THOU God of all Peace,
O give me more Grace,
For now I'm afflicted and fill'd with Diſtreſs.

2

Lord, kindly impart
Relief to my Heart,
And bid all my Fears and my Sorrows depart.

3

Or help me to be
Reſign'd unto thee,
And in my Affliction thy Goodneſs to ſee.

4

I'd caſt all my Care
On Jeſus in Pray'r,
And wait 'till my Lord ſhall think beſt to appea

5

He'll ſoon ſhew his Face,
From yonder bright Place,
And give me a glimpſe of his Mercy and Grace

6

And then will I raiſe
A Song to his Praiſe,
And Numbers ſhall join in the heavenly Lays.

HYMN LXXVIII. *Elevation.*

1

WHEN on the Lord we fix our Eyes,
And his ſweet Smiles enjoy,
perior to the World we riſe,
And dwell with him on High.

2

hen we ſurvey the Realms of Light
With a diſcerning Eye,
raptur'd with divine Delight,
Then, then we dwell on High.

3

t ſoon thro' Sin, and gloomy Fear,
Our blooming Comforts die;
ill Jeſus doth again appear,
And then we dwell on High.

4

nſatisfy'd with Creature charms,
And ev'ry earthly Joy,
e reſt in Jeſu's kinder Arms,
And dwell with him on High.

5

hen to the heav'nly State we ſoar
Above th' etherial Sky,
hen the dear Saviour we'll adore,
And dwell with him on High.

6

igh as the Beams of Glory riſe,
Lord, may our Spirits fly,
'ill loſt in the celeſtial Blaze,
And dwell with thee on High.

HYMN LXXIX. *Waiting on God.*

1

WHAT doſt thou wait for, O my Soul,
(Th' important Thought regard;)
Say, is it now for earthly Good?
Or is it for the Lord?

2

'Tis for the Lord! the Lord of Hoſt,
I feel my Spirit beat;
'Tis for the Bleſſings of his Grace!
I worſhip at his Feet.

3

Tho' like a Mountain Sin appears,
Tho' Men and Devils frown,
Still to the Lord, I'll pour my Cries,
And hang upon his Throne.

4

Reſt in his Word, my waiting Soul,
Jeſus is near at hand;
All the vaſt Troops of Hell ſhall fall,
When Jeſus gives Command.

5

Altho' my Strength appears to fail,
And evil Thoughts intrude;
Yet will I wait upon the Lord,
Until my Strength's renew'd.

6

I'll pray, and plead, and wait, and hope,
My Lord, will ſurely come;
And take me from this Vale of Tears
To my eternal Home.

HYMN LXXX. *The Chriſtian Soldier.*

1

BELIEVERS do wond'rous appear
To Angels, to Devils, and Men;
With Earth, and with Hell, they're at War,
In Peace they ſhall ne'er be again.

2

Immanuel's Warriors ſhall ſtand
As Wonders in every View,
They fight by his Word of Command,
And wond'rous Exploits they ſhall do.

3

As under Chriſt's Conduct each Day
Their Actions will wond'rous appear,
They'll forte Men and Devils to ſay,
"What wonderful Heroes are here!"

4

They fight in the Strength of their God
With Lucifer's numerous Train;
And through great Immanuel's Blood,
A Vict'ry complete they ſhall gain.

5

And then they ſhall fly to their God,
To bleſs and adore his great Name;
And echo thro' Heaven aloud,
The Praiſes of God and the Lamb.

6

Lord, may we with Courage go on,
Preſs forward to Manſions above,
'Till plac'd on Immanuel's Throne,
We're loſt in the Glories of Love.

HYMN LXXXI. *The ſame.*

1

SOLDIERS of Chriſt, be bold,
In Zion's Ways ſtand faſt,
Cleave to the Lord, and you ſhall find
All will be well at laſt.

2

Numbers will you oppoſe,
And many Snares be laid;
But Chriſt will be your ſtrong Defence;
Then never be diſmay'd.

3

Up to the Throne of Grace;
Jeſus will ſoon appear;
Fight the good Fight, ye ranſom'd Throng,
And never, never fear.

4

Fear not your num'rous Foes,
O'er all you ſhall prevail;
And live, and ſing redeeming Love,
When they'll lament and wail.

5

Hark, hark ye ranſom'd Race,
Your Captain cries, "Fight on,"
Soon ye ſhall mount the lofty Skies,
And ſtand round Jeſu's Throne.

6

Great God, ſend down thy Pow'r,
And make thy Saints ariſe,
Boldly to fight, and conquer all,
And then receive the Prize.

HYMN LXXXII. *Christian Soldiers.*

1

YE Heav'n-bound Soldiers all,
Fight through th' infernal Train;
On your great Leader call,
And you'll ne'er fight in vain;
But shall proclaim your Captain's Fame,
And loudly sing his conqu'ring Name.

2

The Troops of Hell must fly
Before Heav'n's glorious King;
Then on his Arm rely,
And he'll Deliv'rance bring;
Then you'll proclaim your Captain's Fame,
And loudly sing his conqu'ring Name.

3

May we in ev'ry Storm
Keep Jesus still in Sight;
He will our Foes disarm,
And put them all to flight;
Then we'll proclaim our Captain's Fame,
And loudly sing his conqu'ring Name.

4

May we pursue the Fight,
In Jesu's Strength alone,
'Till the great Prince of Light
Gives the eternal Crown;
Then we'll proclaim our Captain's Fame,
And loudly sing his conqu'ring Name.

HYMN LXXXIII. *The ſame.*

1

COME, ye ev'ry Chriſtian Soldier,
Hearken to your Captain's Cry;
He exhorts you to be bolder,
And keep fighting, 'till you die;
Then be faithful, then be faithful,
Keeping Jeſus in your Eye.

2

What tho' Hoſts of Hell ſurround you,
Jeſus ſtill their Pow'r reſtrains;
And they never ſhall confound you,
While the great Redeemer reigns;
For your Jeſus, for your Jeſus,
Keeps the Devils ſtill in Chains.

3

When we reach the Gates of Heaven,
And behold the bliſsful Place,
May we, like a dying Stephen,
View the Saviour's ſmiling Face;
And for ever, and for ever,
Shout the Wonders of his Grace.

4

May we ſee all Heav'n before us;
See our Father's bright Abode;
Join at laſt the noble Chorus;
Join to ſing atoning Blood;
Praiſe the Saviour, praiſe the Saviour,
Praiſe the wond'rous Lamb of God.

Y. M N. LXXXIV. *Chriſtian Soldiers.*

1

YE Champions of God,
Redeem'd by rich Blood,
ght on againſt Satan's fierce Hoſt;
Your Lord will draw near,
And make it appear,
at none of his Saints ſhall be loſt.

2

The World's wiſeſt Schemes
Are nothing but Dreams,
hen with the Lord's Saints they contend;
For tho' the Wolves fight,
By Day and by Night,
t Jeſus his Sheep will defend.

3

Tho' Millions may roar
Againſt the Lord's Poor,
d think to deſtroy them in haſte,
'Twill have no Effect
Againſt the Elect,
ho ſurely ſhall conquer at laſt.

4

Dear Lord, may thy Saints
Away with Complaints,
d after thy Kingdom purſue;
Their Captain behold,
Fight on, and be bold,
d keep the Prize ever in view.

HYMN LXXXV. *The ſame.*

1

FIERCE Foes in all Forms
Are now up in Arms,
To fight the Lord's Hoſt they're agreed;
But O they in vain
Oppoſe ſuch a Train,
Who have a dear Chriſt for their Head.

2

Ye Warriors of God,
Reſiſt unto Blood,
The World's fierceſt Threat'nings diſdain;
The Time's coming on,
When they ſhall fall down,
And never ſhall riſe up again.

3

From yonder bright Hill,
The Saviour doth ſmile
On all who engage in his Cauſe;
Their Hearts he'll inflame
With Love to his Name,
And crown all their Zeal with Applauſe.

4

Then may we ſtill fight,
In Jeſus's Might,
And we ſhall obtain the rich Prize;
A few Moments more,
And all ſhall be o'er,
And then we aſcend to the Skies.

HYMN LXXXVI. *Invitation.*

1

FLY, ye Sinners, to yon Mountain,
There a purple Stream doth flow;
There you'll find an open Fountain,
That will wash you white as Snow.

2

Never ponder o'er your Meanness,
But to Calv'ry all repair;
There's the Fountain for Uncleanness,
And the Worst is welcome there.

3

Come, ye Souls, by Sin distressed,
Plunge by Faith beneath this Flood;
Then you'll surely be released
From the painful pond'rous Load.

4

Richly flow'd the crimson River
Down Immanuel's lovely Side,
And that Blood will you deliver,
Whensoever 'tis apply'd.

5

Christ is ready to receive you,
See his bloody Cross appear!
From your Sins he will relieve you,
And dissolve your ev'ry Fear.

6

O behold the Lord expiring,
See the suff'ring Lamb of God!
And that Love be much admiring,
Which appears in Streams of Blood.

HYMN LXXXVII. *The ſame.*

1

THOU tortur'd Soul, by Sin condemn'd,
And all o'erwhelm'd with Grief,
Behold the bleeding Saviour hangs
To give thee ſure Relief.

2

Jeſus, thy ſympathizing God,
Views all thy ſtreaming Tears;
Caſt all thy Burthens on his Breaſt,
And he'll remove thy Fears.

3

Thy Saviour's now exalted high
On the rich Goſpel Pole,
And pard'ning Love he will diſplay
To ev'ry coming Soul.

4

From him what Streams of Mercy flow,
What Love in various Forms!
Ne'er was a Sinner caſt away,
Who flew to Jeſu's Arms.

5

Now, deareſt Lord, behold, I come,
Pleading atoning Blood;
Divine Compaſſion bids me hope
To ſee a pard'ning God.

6

Ah! how he breaks from yonder Throne,
Smiling his Way along,
Enters my Soul with pard'ning Love,
And raiſes there a Song.

HYMN LXXXVIII. *Invitation.*

1

COME, Sinners, come, of ev'ry Name,
Come to the great atoning Lamb;
From his dear Arms no longer ſtay,
For none that come are caſt away.

2

O'er a loſt World his Mercies roll,
He ſmiles on ev'ry coming Soul;
His Heart o'erflows with boundleſs Grace,
And contrite Sinners he'll embrace.

3

All who behold the Lamb of God,
And pray for Mercy, thro' his Blood,
Surely ſhall free Salvation prove,
With all the Joys of pard'ning Love.

4

Ye vileſt of the human Race,
Try the exalted Prince of Peace;
Ne'er of his Promiſe dare to doubt,
For he'll in no wiſe caſt thee out.

5

Jeſus, at thy dear Feet we fall,
Conſtrain'd to come at Mercy's call;
Drawn by thy Soul-attracting Charms,
We come, and reſt in thy kind Arms.

6

How do we prize thy ſmiling Face,
And bleſs thee for thy wond'rous Grace;
Now we would ſerve thee all our Days,
And ſpend a Life of Pray'r and Praiſe.

HYMN LXXXIX. *The ſame.*

1

WHEN a guilty Sinner's flying
To a Saviour's pard'ning Blood,
Satan will be fiercely trying
To obſtruct his Way to God.

2

How he'll ſtrive the Man to harden,
By ſuggeſting to his Mind,
That for *him* there is no Pardon,
That no Mercy *he* ſhall find:

3

But no furious, raging Devil
E'er ſhall fruſtrate Jeſu's Grace;
His rich Blood removes all Evil,
And the Sinner he'll embrace.

4

Yes—the tender-hearted Saviour
Will his mighty Pow'r exert,
And reveal forgiving Favour
To the Sinner's trembling Heart.

5

Hear the Lord on Calv'ry crying,
"See, ye Sinners, ſee my Blood!
"See thy great Redeemer dying!
"See thy loving, pard'ning God:

6

"See my Bowels of Compaſſion
"Yearn o'er ev'ry troubled Mind!
"See, O ſee, thy great Salvation!
"See, believe, and Mercy find!"

HYMN XC. *Invitation.*

1

COME, all ye diſtreſs'd,
Who long to find Reſt,
O come let us ſing of a merciful Chriſt.

2

He's tender and kind,
His Life he reſign'd,
That Man, thro' his Death, a rich Pardon might find.

3

He's open'd a Road,
In Rivers of Blood,
The Sinner's ſure Way of Acceſs unto God.

4

Of Sinners the worſt,
Come, all ye athirſt,
Take hold on the Lamb, and you ne'er ſhall be loſt.

5

On Jeſus depend,
And he will deſcend,
And ſweetly appear as your wonderful Friend.

6

O ſee his bright Face
All ſhining in Grace;
See, ſee, how he ſmiles as the Prince of our Peace.

HYMN XCI. *The Breathings of a pious Soul.*

1

O Jeſus, the Lamb,
I'd honour thy Name,
And e'er be reſounding and ſpreading thy Fame.

2

For ever may I
On Jeſus rely,
And never, O never, my Jeſus deny.

3

Dear Lord, may I prove
The Sweets of thy Love,
And may I for ever be mounting above.

4

O Jeſus, impart
More Grace to my Heart,
That from thy Commandments I ne'er may de[part]

5

But cloſe by thy Side,
I'd always abide;
And may my Redeemer be always my Guide.

6

And ev'ry good Thing
My Jeſus will bring,
And ſtill of his Goodneſs I ever ſhall ſing.

HYMN XCII. *Knowledge of Chriſt.*

1

TO know that Chriſt is mine,
To view his ſmiling Face,
To ſee his Glory ſhine,
Gives pure and perfect Peace;
O may I ever ſing, and ſay,
Jeſus the Saviour dy'd for ME.

2

To ME, how wond'rous kind;
On ME, what Bleſſings fall;
His Croſs delights my Mind;
His Love tranſports my Soul;
While on his Boſom I recline,
He tells me all he HAS is MINE.

3

MINE, his atoning Blood!
And MINE, his Righteouſneſs!
MINE, all the Grace of God!
And MINE, the Goſpel Peace!
MINE, ev'ry Promiſe in the Word!
And MINE, the Fulneſs of the Lord!

4

Jeſus, I now adore,
Salvation now I prove;
Lord, may I never more
Suſpect thy dying Love;
Let none deprive me of this Plea,
"The great Redeemer dy'd for ME!"

HYMN XCIII. *The same.*

1

ALL the converted Train
Know the great Shepherd's Voice,
Feel the Meſſiah's reign,
And in his Death rejoice:
The Heav'n-born Saint ſhall ſing, and ſay,
"The great Redeemer dy'd for ME."

2

For ME, for ME, he fills
The Mediator's Throne;
For ME he now prevails,
That Bleſſings may come down;
Bleſſings deſcend, Bleſſings divine,
Thus do I prove my Jeſus MINE.

3

MINE, all the Fruits of Love!
And MINE, the ſhining Throne!
MINE, all the Joys above!
And MINE, the glorious Crown!
All Jeſus is, and has is MINE,
And I with him ſhall ever ſhine.

4

Ye Seekers of the Lord,
Believe the Promiſe true;
O take him at his Word,
And ſing 'tis ALL for YOU:
Bury your Fears in Calv'ry's Blood,
And ſhout the dying Lamb of God.

HYMN XCIV. *Knowledge of Chriſt.*

1

TO know my Jeſus crucify'd
By far excells all Things beſide;
All earthly Good I count but Loſs,
And triumph in my Saviour's Croſs.

2

Knowledge of all terreſtial Things
Ne'er to my Soul true Pleaſure brings;
No Peace,—but in the Son of God,
No Joy,—but through his pard'ning Blood.

3

O could I know and love him more,
And all his wond'rous Grace explore,
Ne'er would I covet Man's Eſteem,
But part with all, and follow him.

4

Lord, may I bear my ev'ry Loſs,
Be patient under ev'ry Croſs;
Never may I my Jeſus blame,
Tho' I'm deſpis'd for thy dear Name.

5

Altho' my Trials ſhall increaſe,
Ne'er may I wiſh their Number leſs;
But e'er be bold in thy grand Cauſe,
And feel my Heav'n in thine Applauſe.

6

Thus make me willing, glorious Lamb,
To ſuffer all Things for thy Name,
At laſt be where my Jeſus is,
And riſe to everlaſting Bliſs.

HYMN XCV. *The ſame.*

1

O Jeſus, thou Fountain of Grace,
Enlighten, enliven my Heart;
And ſhew the ſweet Smiles of thy Face,
And from me bid Evil depart.

2

Pronounce, O pronounce, I am thine,
A Sinner once purchas'd by Blood;
And may I for ever recline
On thee, O my Lord, and my God.

3

Thou great and compaſſionate King,
Drive all my ſad Doubtings away;
And let me with Confidence ſing,
"The Saviour expired for ME."

4

The Witneſs, that I am thy Child,
O Jeſus, to me now impart;
The pleaſing Senſation will yield
Unſpeakable Joy to my Heart.

5

Beſtow this rich Bleſſing on me,
And Heav'n below I ſhall prove;
I'll then go exulting in thee,
And tell of thy wonderful Love.

6

Thy Cauſe I will ever maintain,
To thee for Support I will fly;
And fight, till the Conqueſt I gain;
Reſolv'd for thy Glory to die.

HYMN XCVI. *Reſtored Backſlider.*

1

O LORD, how black, how vile am I,
A Sinner of the deepeſt Dye;
Oft have I trifled with thy Word,
And griev'd the Spirit of my Lord.

2

Oh! how ungrateful have I been;
With Tears I'd now confeſs my Sin;
Dear Jeſus, give me Pow'r to weep,
And now reſtore the wand'ring Sheep.

3

But ſhouldſt thou now my Soul require,
And doom it to eternal Fire,
Never could I thy Conduct blame,
But clear thy Juſtice in the Flame.

4

But will the Lord my Soul diſown,
And let it ſink beneath his Frown?
No,—No,—he ſpeaks in Accents mild,
And ſays "I'm ſtill his *pleaſant* Child."

5

Oh! how his ſounding Bowels move,
Expreſſive of eternal Love;
He whiſpers Mercy to my Heart,
And bids my ev'ry Fear depart.

6

Oh! the rich bleſſings now I feel
Bid me to hope for greater ſtill;
Dear Lord, may all my Pow'rs unite
To ſerve thee now with pure Delight.

HYMN XCVII. *Hiding of God's Face.*

1

JESUS, my loving Friend,
Why hideſt thou thy Face;
While Trials fierce on ev'ry Side
O'erwhelm me in Diſtreſs?

2

O come, my deareſt Lord,
From me no longer ſtay;
For num'rous Foes do now ſurround
The Soul that waits on thee.

3

Be not ſo very far
From my poor troubled Heart;
But O make haſte, and ſoon appear,
Thy Comforts to impart.

4

Wilt thou for ever, Lord,
Thy Love from me conceal?
O wilt thou never, never more
Thy lovely Face reveal?

5

Yes, Lord, thou ſurely wilt,
Thou art a faithful Friend;
For in thy Word thou doſt declare
Thou loveſt to the End.

6

Then, O my Soul, ſtill wait
Upon the God of Grace;
Soon from his Throne he will deſcend,
And ſhew his glorious Face.

HYMN XCVIII. *The Believer in Tears.*

1

THOU gracious God, to whom I pray,
Now to my Soul appear;
Speak in Compaſſion, Lord, and ſay,
I've ſeen thy ev'ry Tear.

2

Give me clear Views of thy rich Love,
Of thy paternal Care;
Give me to know thou doſt approve
The penitential Tear.

3

Surely my Jeſus clearly ſees
The Sorrows of my Heart;
O that he now would give me Eaſe,
And Strength Divine impart.

4

But the ſore Trials of the Way
Fill me with gloomy Fear;
Renew'd Afflictions, Day by Day,
Renews the ſtreaming Tear.

5

But in the midſt of all my Grief,
I cannot ceaſe to pray;
"Lord, give my throbbing Heart Relief,
"And wipe my Tears away."

6

Soon may the happy Period come,
When I ſhall ſee thy Face;
Enter my everlaſting Home,
And Tears for ever ceaſe.

HYMN XCIX. *Seeking the Lord.*

1

ONCE I abhor'd the Things of God,
And ſcorn'd the ſacred Word;
At length I heard a heav'nly Voice,
That bid me *ſeek the Lord.*

2

Th' Allurements of celeſtial Love,
The ſound of *Calv'ry's* Blood,
All the rich Promiſes of Grace,
Drew my whole Soul to God.

3

I ſought his Face, nor ſought in vain;
He did his Grace impart;
I found a Paſſage to his Arms,
A Paſſage to his Heart.

4

Wrapt in the Pleaſures of his Love,
I'd ever ſeek his Face;
Walk in Communion with the Lord,
And glory in his Grace.

5

O Jeſus, may I evermore
On thy dear Boſom lean;
Soon may I ſee thy brighter Face,
Without a Veil between.

6

May nothing ſtop my rapid Courſe,
But Oh! preſs forward ſtill;
And urge my proſp'rous Way along
To yonder ſhining Hill.

HYMN C. *Saints longing for Glory.*

1

COME, Jeſus, quickly come,
We long thy Face to ſee;
O take us to our Home,
That we may dwell with thee:
O land us ſoon on Canaan's Shore,
Where we ſhall be diſturb'd no more.

2

While in this Vale of Tears,
We've no abiding Reſt;
For various gloomy Cares
Diſturb each peaceful Breaſt:
Then land us ſoon on Canaan's Shore,
Where we ſhall be diſturb'd no more.

3

Dear Saviour, thou doſt ſee
Our Trials here below;
Yet ſtill our Eye's to thee,
While we to Canaan go:
O land us ſoon on Canaan's Shore,
Where we ſhall be diſturb'd no more.

4

O thou great King of Kings,
Hear, hear our feeble Cries;
And give us Eagles Wings
To mount the lofty Skies;
And land us ſoon on Canaan's Shore,
Where we ſhall be diſturb'd no more.

HYMN CI. *Chriſt defending his Cauſe.*

1

THE Devil's Slaves all fill'd with Rage,
Againſt the Goſpel do engage,
Like Hell's malicious Fiends;
They Night or Day can ne'er deſiſt
From fighting with the Sheep of Chriſt;
But ne'er ſhall gain their Ends.

2

Not all on Earth, nor all in Hell,
Can fruſtrate great Meſſiah's Will,
And overturn his Cauſe;
Almighty Pow'r he will exert,
And make thoſe wicked Mortals ſmart,
Who dare deſpiſe his Laws.

3

Jeſus, who ſhed his precious Blood,
Will e'er appear for Zion's Good,
For Zion he'll ne'er leave;
For when his Saints are in Diſtreſs,
Down flies this glorious Prince of Peace,
Their Sorrows to relieve.

4

Then, O ye Saints, diſdain to fear,
For Chriſt, your Captain, doth declare,
His Goſpel he'll defend;
Conſtrain'd by everlaſting Love,
He will through endleſs Ages prove
His People's conſtant Friend.

HYMN CII. *Elevation.*

1

AWAY from me, ye Toys of Time,
No longer I regard
Your fleeting and deluſive Joys,
Since I have known the Lord.

2

Worldly Delights e'er leave the Soul
Quite reſtleſs and diſtreſs'd;
Ne'er can it find a peaceful Place,
'Till lodg'd on Jeſu's Breaſt.

3

Both Night and Day I'd bleſs my God,
Who makes my Soul to know
The Pleaſures of the upper World,
E'en while I'm here below.

4

May I at laſt be with my Lord,
On yon refulgent Plain;
And tune my Harp to bleeding Love,
With all the ranſom'd Train.

5

There ſhall a Blaze of wond'rous Light
Break from the Mercy-Seat;
And God diſplay new Scenes of Grace
To make my Joys compleat.

6

O'er the bright Hills I'll bound along;
Still ſing the Saviour's Blood;
Raviſh'd with Love, I there ſhall dwell,
In all the Smiles of God.

HYMN CIII. *The Omniſcience of Chriſt.*

1

JESUS, thou omniſcient Saviour,
Known to thee is all I do;
All my *Thoughts*, and *Words*, and *Actions*,
Lie before thy piercing View.

2

All my various Imperfections,
Ev'ry Sin, and ev'ry Fear;
Yea,—my ev'ry ſecret Evil
Doth before thy Face appear.

3

Yet, O Lord, thou know'ſt I *love* thee;
Love thy Name, and *love* thy Cauſe;
Love the Sound of thy rich Goſpel,
Dearly love thy glorious Laws.

4

Love to fear thee, *love* to ſerve thee;
Love to ſing thy matchleſs Fame;
Love ſincerely all thy People;
Love thy Saints of ev'ry Name.

5

Jeſus, when I view thy Kindneſs,
How I wonder and adore!
Yet my Wonder much increaſes,
That I love my Lord no more.

6

O thou merciful Redeemer,
Help me more thy Name to *love*;
Love thee with intenſe Affection;
Love thee as thy Saints above.

HYMN CIV. *The Omniſcience of God.*

1

THE great eternal God doth know
All that is doing here below,
Though he's above the Sky;
Very minutely he ſurveys
Who doth rebel, and who obeys,
For nought eſcapes his Eye.

2

Poor Sinners act as if the Lord
Did not their Wickedneſs regard,
Or their dark Evils view;
But he well knows their ev'ry Way,
And in the awful Judgment Day,
They ſhall have Knowledge too.

3

All the black Schemes they now deviſe
Are view'd by God's all-ſeeing Eyes,
And mark'd within his Book;
Without Repentance, they ſhall feel
The Mis'ries of the loweſt Hell,
And be of God forſook.

4

O Jeſus, make rebellious Men
See and abhor the Monſter, Sin,
And pard'ning Mercy prove;
O may they view a ſlaughter'd Chriſt,
And hang upon his bleeding Breaſt,
And feel the Heav'n of Love.

HYMN CV. *Fellowſhip with God.*

1

LORD, give my Soul a ſtrong Deſire
After thy Glory to aſpire;
Fill me with Flames of ſacred Love,
Crown me with Bleſſings from above;
May I exult in Jeſu's Blood,
And hold ſweet Fellowſhip with God.

2

May nothing e'er my Soul decoy,
But of a Truth may I enjoy
Communion with the Prince of Light,
And in his Love feel pure Delight;
May I exult in Jeſu's Blood,
And hold ſweet Fellowſhip with God.

3

Spirit of Love, enlarge my Soul,
And ev'ry Evil now controul;
Far greater Grace to me be giv'n,
And fill me with a preſent Heav'n;
May I exult in Jeſu's Blood,
And hold ſweet Fellowſhip with God.

4

Lord, I would hang upon thy Throne,
And cleave to *thee*, and *thee alone*;
Prepare my Heart for Joys on high,
And let me mount above the Sky;
There I'll exult in Jeſu's Blood,
And hold ſweet Fellowſhip with God.

HYMN CVI. *The Word of God.*

1

O JESUS, what a Word is thine,
It gives pure Light and Heat;
It's fraught with Bleſſings all divine,
Bleſſings ſupremely great.

2

Before thy Word the Devils fly,
My Foes confounded fall;
Yea, the huge Monſter, Sin, gives way,
And Heav'n o'erflows my Soul.

3

Dear Jeſus, ſpeak,—and ſpeak again,
Speak home thy Sacrifice;
Speak, 'till my ev'ry Sin is ſlain,
'Till ev'ry Evil dies.

4

May I, in each benighted Hour,
Haſten to thee, my Lord;
To thee reſign my ev'ry Pow'r,
And dwell upon thy Word.

5

Lord, let me hear thy heav'nly Voice;
O let me feel thy Breath;
Now ſpeak, and make my Soul rejoice;
O ſpeak, and conquer Death.

6

Ne'er ceaſe to ſpeak, thou heav'nly King,
'Till I am all divine;
And when I riſe to Heav'n I'll ſing,
"O what a Word is thine!"

HYMN CVII. *Jabez's Prayer.*

1

THUS Jabez pray'd to God alone,
Bleſs me *indeed* with Grace;
Let Show'rs of Bleſſings now come down,
And fill my Soul with Peace.

2

O that thou wouldſt enlarge my Coaſt,
My narrow Heart expand;
And may my Soul for ever boaſt,
In thy ſupporting Hand.

3

Keep me, dear Lord, from ev'ry Ill,
By thine unerring Word,
Leſt pungent Grief in me prevail,
As having griev'd my Lord.

4

Thus Jabez call'd on God moſt high,
To be in all Things bleſt;
The God of Iſrael heard his Cry,
And granted his Requeſt.

5

Now, Lord, we all approach thy Throne,
Proſtrate before thee fall;
In great Compaſſion now come down,
O come, and bleſs us all.

6

Bleſſings abundant now impart,
Rich Bleſſings from above;
Open, enlarge, and fire each Heart
With everlaſting Love.

HYMN CVIII. *Divine Promiſes.*

1

GOD's Promiſes are ſweet,
They melt the Saints in Tears;
They are ſo good and great,
They baniſh all their Fears;
But all the Promiſes of God
Flow thro' the Saviour's ſtreaming Blood.

2

Our God has promis'd Light
To open our dark Eyes,
And form our Views aright,
Celeſtial Good to prize;
He promis'd Life, and Joy, and Peace,
With all the Stores of heav'nly Grace.

3

He promis'd we ſhall ſtand
Victorious over all;
And enter Canaan's Land,
Before his Throne to fall;
He promis'd brilliant Harps of Gold,
To all the dear Redeemer's Fold.

4

Now, Lord, to thee we cry,
Bleſs every waiting Heart;
Thy Promiſes apply,
And promis'd Good impart;
To our dear Jeſus may we cleave,
And all his Promiſes receive.

HYMN CIX. *Prayer for the Wicked.*

1

COME, O thou glorious Lord of all,
Teach Sinners on thy Name to call,
Before it is too late;
O may they ſee the Monſter, Sin,
And feel the Danger they are in,
And fall at Jeſu's Feet.

2

May they behold the Lamb of God
Shedding his Sin-forgiving Blood,
And ſweet Deliv'rance know;
View the bright Beams of pard'ning Grace
Shine in the dear Redeemer's Face,
And find a Heav'n below.

3

Dear Jeſus, we ſincerely pray
That Men may have Recourſe to thee,
And in thy Mercy ſhare;
O draw them by the Cords of Love,
And ſwiftly after thee they'll move,
And thy great Name adore.

4

We, who are pluck'd from Tophet's Fire,
Cannot but Jeſu's Grace admire,
And of his Ways approve;
Now may we fly to ſound his Praiſe,
And ever ſpend our happy Days
In telling of his Love.

HYMN CX. *Praying againſt Sin.*

1

GOD of eternal Love,
Pity a tortur'd Heart;
Burſt from the Throne above,
And eaſe me of my Smart;
'Tis Sin, that doth my Spirit grieve;
'Tis Jeſus only can relieve.

2

On thee I now rely,
My kind unchanging Friend,
And, Lord, I'd rather die,
Than thy great Name offend;
O break Corruption's Iron Neck,
And ſave me, for thy Mercy's Sake.

3

Did I a World poſſeſs,
That World I'd now reſign,
To feel thy pard'ning Grace,
And Vict'ry over Sin;
To find my God within my Heart,
And feel my ev'ry Sin depart.

4

Well,—I will not deſpair,
Jeſus is on his Way;
He'll bring Salvation near,
And I his Face ſhall ſee;
On yonder Throne his Name adore,
And ſhout, I am ſav'd,—to ſin no more.

HYMN CXI. *The ſame.*

1

MY Sins do oft appear,
And in my Boſom ſwell;
And, Lord, thou know'ſt I fear
These Evils more than Hell;
O what a Sate my Soul is in!
O ſave me, ſave me, Lord, from Sin.

2

To thee, my Spirit prays
For Succour all divine;
Dear Saviour, now ariſe,
Ariſe, and conquer Sin;
O let the Tyrant feel thy Pow'r,
And I ſhall triumph and adore.

3

Well—ſtill I'll pray and hope,
That the bright Day may come,
When my dear Lord will ſtoop,
And kindly take me Home;
Before the Throne ſhall I appear,
Void of all Sin, or Shame, or Fear.

4

Then ſhall I ever lean
On thy dear Breaſt reclin'd,
And Sin ne'er intervene
To diſcompoſe my Mind;
Down to thy Feet, my Crown I'll caſt;
And ſing, "I'M SAV'D, I'M SAV'D at laſt."

HYMN CXII. *The convinc'd Sinner.*

1

JESUS, let me now expreſs
The Longings of my Heart;
'Tis to feel the Strength of Grace,
And find my Sins depart;
But theſe Evils ſtill prevail;
Yet ſtill, my Lord, I look to thee,
Praying, waiting, 'till I feel
The Grace that ſets me free.

2

Shall I ſink in black Deſpair,
And die a Slave to Sin?
Will not Jeſus hear my Pray'r,
And make the Leper clean?
Come, my Lord, my Soul relieve,
And grant me *now* my ſtrong Deſire;
Speak in Mercy, bid me live;
And bid my Sins expire.

3

Let thy gracious Bowels move;
Nor longer, Lord, delay;
Tell me *now* thy Name is Love,
And chaſe my Fears away;
Jeſus, let thy Glory ſhine;
Saviour, pronounce the kind Releaſe;
Conquer *now* my ev'ry Sin,
And fill me with thy Peace.

HYMN CXIII. *Elevation.*

1

COME, ye Children of the Light,
Join in the heav'nly Lays;
Sing with permanent Delight
The Songs of Love and Praiſe.
Who enjoys ſuch Peace within,
Where are the Men ſo richly bleſt,
As the Men who fly from Sin,
And feel the Love of Chriſt?

2

Joys immortal they ſhall know,
Joys from the Realms above;
Sacred Joys, that freely flow
From everlaſting Love;
Sav'd by Chriſt, the Prince of Peace,
Freely they ſing of Grace alone;
Raviſh'd with the ſmiling Face
Of him that fills the Throne.

3

Lord, enlarge our ev'ry Heart,
Make ev'ry Cup run o'er;
Tend'reſt Mercy now impart,
And all thy conq'ring Pow'r;
Bow the great eternal Throne,
And all thy Grace to us be giv'n,
Drive thy flaming Chariot down,
And let us ride to Heav'n.

HYMN CXIV. *Waiting on the Lord.*

1

JESUS, God of Conſolation,
Now I reſt
On thy Breaſt,
Waiting for Salvation.

2

Oft my inbred Sins diſtreſs me;
Lord, releaſe,
Give me Peace;
Jeſus, come and bleſs me.

3

O reveal thy ſpecial Favour;
Let me ſee
Mercy free,
Flowing from the Saviour.

4

Place thy Glories all before me,
Let me prove
Pard'ning Love;
Make my Soul adore thee.

5

Thro' rich Grace, may I endeavour
Thee to praiſe
All my Days,
Now, henceforth, for ever.

6

Lord, at laſt, receive my Spirit;
Let me ſoon
Mount thy Throne;
All thy Love inherit.

HYMN CXV. *Prayer for true Goſpel Love.*

1

JESUS, give the Love unceaſing;
Pure and true,
Known by few,
Love, that's ſtill increaſing.

2

Love that takes away ſurmizing,
Makes me kind,
Unconfin'd,
Open, free, and pleaſing.

3

Love to all religious Parties;
Love that's great,
Love replete,
Undiſguis'd, and artleſs.

4

Love that's gen'rous, and abiding,
When my Foes
Much oppoſe,
And go on deriding.

5

Love o'erflowing, Love unbounded;
Love to all,
Great and ſmall,
Love that's ne'er confounded.

6

More of this, O Lord, be given;
Let me know,
Here below,
Love divine *is Heaven.*

HYMN CXVI. *Opening of a Prayer Meeting.*

1

COME, all who love to pray,
On Jeſus caſt your Care;
And ev'ry praying Soul ſhall find
He loves to anſwer Pray'r.

2

See, how he looks, and ſmiles,
From yonder ſhining Throne;
Pleas'd, he attends your ev'ry Pray'r,
And ſends rich Bleſſings down!

3

Ye hungring, thirſting Souls,
O pray, and never faint;
Freſh Scenes of Love our Lord diſplays
To ev'ry praying Saint.

4

And whither ſhould we fly,
But to a Throne of Grace?
For there we prove celeſtial Joys,
And find ſubſtantial Peace.

5

Lord, from thy Throne behold
Thy Saints aſſembled here,
Whoſe Hearts aſcend with warm Deſire
To feel thy Preſence near.

6

Thro' all the Glooms of Sin,
May thy rich Mercy blaze;
And make it known, thou heareſt Pray'r,
And worthy art of Praiſe.

HYMN CXVII. *Prayer.*

1

DEAREST Lord, thou haſt commanded
All thy Family to pray;
Promis'd Good thou haſt appointed
Thro' this Medium to convey.

2

Yes, to all thy praying People,
Thou haſt promis'd to appear;
And thy wond'rous Condeſcenſion
Honours much the Path of Pray'r.

3

Jeſus, thou exalted Saviour,
On thy Promiſe we rely;
Comfort ev'ry mourning Spirit,
Anſwer ev'ry feeble Cry.

4

From thy glorious Throne of Mercy,
Heav'nly Cordials now impart;
Exerciſe thy tender Pity
O'er the Sinner's broken Heart.

5

May we all who love the Saviour
Often to his Throne repair;
Feel the Sweets of his Compaſſion,
While engag'd in ſolemn Pray'r.

6

Lord, attend our Supplications,
Let thy Mercies on us roll;
Come, O come, thou kind Redeemer,
Smile on ev'ry praying Soul.

HYMN CXVIII. *Succeſs of the Goſpel.*

1

BEHOLD what Multitudes around
Now flock to hear the Goſpel's Sound;
Oh! how they thirſt for Jeſu's Blood!
And pant to feel the Love of God!

2

To him they lift their flowing Eyes,
Who loves to hear their fervent Cries;
And in melodious Strains of Grace
Says, that the vileſt he'll embrace.

3

How their aſtoniſh'd Hearts rejoice,
While liſt'ning to the Saviour's Voice;
Charm'd with the Goſpel's bliſsful Sound,
Their Hopes ariſe, their Joys abound.

4

Then how they prize atoning Blood;
Admire the great incarnate God;
Into his tender Arms they ſpring,
And his great Love with Rapture ſing.

5

O how delightful 'tis to ſee
Poor Prodigals to Jeſus flee;
And his rich Goſpel Word attend,
Leaving their All for ſuch a Friend.

6

Dear Lord, thy glorious Arm exert,
And Millions to thyſelf convert;
O may they fly to thy dear Breaſt,
There ſweetly find the promis'd Reſt.

HYMN CXIX. *Providence.*

1

BEfore the wide Earth or Heavens were made
Our covenant Lord did amply provide;
His covenant Fulneſs o'erflow'd with free Grace
Free Mercy, Salvation, and Bleſſings of Peace

2

Our God did provide for Millions of Men,
Provide a rich Lamb, the Lamb that was ſlain
The Fleſh we have taſted, and drank of the Blood
And own the Proviſion is worthy a God.

3

The Goſpel at large is fraught with all Good;
'Tis rich, full, and free, 'tis excellent Food;
'Tis Milk, and 'tis Honey, 'tis Oil, and 'tis Wine
'Tis Food all immortal, 'tis Food all divine.

4

Our covenant God doth all Things impart,
He ſhews to the Saints his generous Heart;
All temporal Favours with Jeſus he gives;
In each Tribulation he kindly relieves.

5

The Children of God oft hear his ſweet Voice
They ſee him appear, and then they rejoice;
And tell of the Promiſe to all, far and wide,
That God in rich Mercy will *ſurely* provide.

6

Yes, loudly they raiſe this Song to the Sky,
"*The Lord will ſupport, the Lord will ſupply*
The Lord will continue his Care for his Bride
The Lord will for *ever*, for *ever* provide.

HYMN CXX. *Providence.*

1

YE try'd Sons of God,
Ye ſtill ſhall have Food, [Good.
Your Trials and Sorrows ſhall all work for

2

In Jeſus confide,
He'll always provide; [Side.
You never can want, while the Lord's on your

3

Look thro' the dark Cloud,
To God cry aloud, [Food.
Who knows when, and how, to ſupply thee with

4

He views all your Cares,
He ſees all your Tears,
And when Help is wanted, he always appears.

5

He form'd us anew,
And all Things will do;
And we ſhall ſee Wonders the Wilderneſs thro'.

6

He comes from above,
With Bleſſings of Love,
And we ſhall for ever his Faithfulneſs prove.

HYMN CXXI. *The same.*

1

O Jesus, our Lord,
Accomplish thy Word,
And daily Supplies to thy People afford.

2

Thy Ways we'd pursue,
And keep thee in view,
For the Blessings of Grace, and of Providence too.

3

The Lamb, that was slain,
We ne'er trust in vain,
We've seen his dear Hand, and shall see it again.

4

Lord, sink ev'ry Fear,
Since thou art so near,
So ready, so willing, so pleas'd to appear.

5

At last may we rise
To thee in the Skies,
Ascend to the Summit of heavenly Joys.

6

Yes, Lord, may we soon
Rise up to thy Throne,
There see divine Wisdom in all thou hast done.

HYMN CXXII. *Union of a Church.*

1

"GATHER my Saints together," ſpeaks
The great eternal Three;
"Join them in Bonds of ſacred Peace,
"And let them worſhip me."

2

"Let them in Flocks together meet,
"Together pray, and praiſe;
"Cleave to each other, cleave to me,
"And walk in all my Ways."

3

"Never forſake my Dwelling Place,
"But love fair Zion's Hill;
"Feaſt on the Things my Houſe affords,
"And all my Comforts feel.

4

"Paſtor and People all agree
"To live in conſtant Peace;
"Watch for each other's mutual Good,
"And each fill up his Place."

5

Lord, we'd obey the great Command,
'Tis wiſe, 'tis juſt, 'tis right;
Tends to promote the ſweeteſt Love,
And each to each unite.

6

Lord, may this Church riſe up in Grace,
And in Affection ſhine;
Prove the pure Joys that ever flow
From Harmony divine.

HYMN CXXIII. *Death.*

1

THE Wicked ſtand amaz'd,
As under Fear confin'd,
Whene'er they ſee grim Death's pale Hue
Preſented to their Mind.

2

Though Sinners are alarm'd
At ev'ry Form of Death,
The dear Diſciples of the Lamb
With Joy reſign their Breath.

3

O Death, where is thy Sting?
Th' expiring Saint can ſay;
It once poſſeſs'd my troubled Mind,
But 'tis remov'd away.

4

Ah! happy are the Men,
Who feel their Saviour's Love;
They often long to be with him,
Amidſt the Hoſts above.

5

Their Sins are waſh'd away
In Jeſu's precious Blood;
They ſhall appear at his right Hand,
In the great Day of God.

6

In Realms of Bliſs they'll ſing,
Where none ſhall them annoy;
And Jeſus, their redeeming Lord,
They ever ſhall enjoy.

HYMN CXXIV. *Death.*

1

DEATH! how important is thy Stroke,
How solemn is thy Voice;
How awful is thy ev'ry Look;
And yet the Saints rejoice.

2

Rejoice and sing with their last Breath,
Sav'd from their ev'ry Fear;
For Jesus dy'd, and conquer'd Death,
The dying Saint to cheer.

3

How truly bless'd are all the Dead,
Who in the Saviour die;
From ev'ry Sorrow they are freed,
And sing above the Sky.

4

There Jesu's Beauties they survey,
And all his Glory prove;
See him in full Resplendency,
With all the Forms of Love.

5

Now, Lord, to thee we look by Faith,
To thy dear Arms we fly;
Give us all Vict'ry over Death,
And make us long to die.

6

Then to the blissful Courts above,
Our longing Spirits raise;
Inflam'd with all the Fire of Love,
We'll burst in Songs of Praise.

HYMN CXXV. *Funeral.*

1

ONE more precious Saint's aſcended
To the lofty Throne of God;
Praiſing him, who condeſcended
To redeem her by his Blood.

2

Now ſhe ſounds Immanuel's Merits,
Thro' the heav'nly Plains above;
Joys extatic ſhe inherits,
Swimming in redeeming Love.

3

Face to Face ſhe ſees her Saviour,
Freed from all obſcuring Vails;
Nothing, nothing can deprive her
Of the rapt'rous Bliſs ſhe feels.

4

See, by Faith, O ſee her yonder,
Gazing on the bleeding Lamb;
And her Soul grow big with Wonder,
While his Glories on her ſtream.

5

Now, ye Saints, on Earth ſtill living,
O preſs forward to the Prize;
Still to Chriſt be ever cleaving,
And, at laſt, you'll mount the Skies.

6

Oh! ye Pilgrims, ceaſe from ſighing,
Caſt your Cares on Jeſu's Breaſt;
On the Wings of Time you're flying
To your Lord's eternal Reſt.

HYMN CXXVI. *Funeral.*

1

OUR Sister is gone Heav'n's Pleasures to prove;
Yes, yes, she is flew to the Regions of Love;
And there in the Bosom of Jesus she lays,
And sweetly she joins in the Concert of Praise.

2

Her Troubles are o'er, and now she's at Rest;
Exulting she views the Glories of Christ;
And while on her Jesus she fixes her Eyes,
Her Spirit is fill'd with a rapt'rous Surprize.

3

Before Jesu's Throne refulgent she stands,
Array'd in white Robes, and Palms in her Hands;
An Age everlasting with Jesus she'll spend,
Enjoying such Pleasures, that never shall end.

4

Sweet Peace undisturb'd our Sister doth prove,
While swimming in Streams of infinite Love;
In Strains most melodious, she echo's aloud,
"All Glory be given to Jesus, my God."

5

Dear Lord, may we all abide in thy Ways,
And ever devote our Time to thy Praise;
While here on Earth living, we'd ever obey,
And die, like our Sister, rejoicing in thee.

6

Then we shall all land on Canaan's bless'd Shore,
There meet her again, and never part more;
The World, Sin, & Satan, no more shall us grieve;
In Joy unmolested, we ever shall live.

HYMN CXXVII. *The ſame.*

1

THOSE Perſons are happy who die,
Enjoying their Saviour's rich Love;
Bright Angels their Spirits convey
To happieſt Manſions above.

2

The Soul of our Siſter's took flight,
And bid a Farwell to her Pains;
She's now in the Regions of Light,
And with her dear Saviour remains.

3

Her Years on this Earth were but few,
But Jeſus had taught her to pray;
And Jeſus, her Saviour, ſhe knew,
Before ſhe was ſummon'd away.

4

She frequently long'd to be gone,
To join the bleſs'd Spirits above;
To ſit on Immanuel's Throne,
And feel all the Tranſports of Love.

5

"Come, Jeſu, come quickly," ſhe cry'd,
And then to the World bade adieu;
Then, then with Compoſure ſhe dy'd,
And into Chriſt's Boſom ſhe flew.

6

Amidſt a bright Hoſt, ſhe now ſhines,
Enthron'd in the Kingdom of God;
And with her dear Jeſus ſhe reigns,
And ſings to the Praiſe of his Blood.

HYMN CXXVIII. *The Judgment.*

1

ON yonder glorious Height,
King Jeſus doth appear,
Upon the Judgment Seat,
With Millions at his Bar;
Behold the awful Judge is come,
To fix their everlaſting Doom.

2

Sinners muſt now come forth,
And ſtand before the Lord,
Whoſe Word they ſcorn'd on Earth,
Whoſe Children they abhor'd;
Then ſpeaks the Judge, "ye Sinners, go
"From my bleſs'd Face to endleſs Woe."

3

But now, my Soul, behold
That Hoſt at Chriſt's right Hand;
O ſee the blood-waſh'd World
Boldly before him ſtand;
How pleas'd they look, how bright they ſhine!
While Jeſus cries, "Theſe, theſe are mine."

4

Theſe are my holy Race,
Theſe did reſound my Fame;
Theſe priz'd redeeming Grace,
Theſe lov'd and fear'd my Name;
And theſe ſhall now aſcend with me
To Manſions of eternal Day.

HYMN CXXIX. *The ſame.*

1

YONDER ſee the Saint's Defender,
With the heav'nly Hoſt come down;
With the moſt tremendous Grandeur,
See him fill the Judgment Throne;
See him ſeated, ſee him ſeated,
Making all the Nations groan.

2

Ah! what Cries and Lamentations
Now are echo'd through the Air,
While the Judge with Indignation
Does the Sinner's Curſe declare;
Now in Tophet, now in Tophet,
Muſt the guilty World appear.

3

But the ranſom'd of the Saviour
Shall be own'd in this dread Hour;
They ſhall triumph in his Favour,
And to yonder Throne ſhall ſoar;
There with Jeſus, there with Jeſus,
They ſhall reign for evermore.

4

Then, O how they'll all be ſinging
Praiſes to the Saviour's Name;
How Heav'n's Arches will be ringing
With the Sounds of Jeſu's Fame!
Saints and Angels, Saints and Angels,
All adoring Chriſt the Lamb!

HYMN CXXX. *Baptiſm.*

1

LORD of abounding Grace,
Step from thy bending Throne;
With thy approving Smiles,
This Inſtitution crown;
In Strains of Rapture may we ſing,
While we confeſs our Lord and King.

2

Jordan we call to Mind,
Where Jeſus was Baptiz'd;
Where the eternal God
Proclaim'd himſelf well pleas'd;
Where the bright Scenes of Glory ſhone
Around the everlaſting Son.

3

Inſpir'd with Love and Zeal,
The grateful Saints purſue
Th' appointed Paths of God,
With Jeſus in their View;
They own their Saviour ſtrong to ſave;
They own him in the wat'ry Grave.

4

Now, Jeſus, come, and bleſs
This Ordinance of thine;
O bleſs thy waiting Saints
With Bleſſings all Divine;
Give them a Soul-refreſhing Sight
Of all the bliſsful Realms of Light.

HYMN CXXXI. *The ſame.*

1

REPENT, and be baptiz'd,
Saith your redeeming Lord;
Ye all are now appriz'd,
That 'tis your Saviour's Word;
Ariſe, ariſe, without delay,
And Chriſt's divine Command obey.

2

Ye penetential Race,
Who fall at Jeſu's Feet,
Sav'd by his glorious Grace,
Come, to his Will ſubmit;
And be baptiz'd, without delay,
And his divine Command obey.

3

Come, ye believing Train,
No more this Truth withſtand;
No longer think it vain
T' obey your Lord's Command;
But haſte, ariſe, without delay,
And be baptiz'd in Jeſu's Way.

4

Jeſus, thou Prince of Peace,
To thy great Name we pray;
Make the converted Race
Thine Ordinance obey;
O may thy Love their Souls o'ercome,
And draw them to thy liquid Tomb.

HYMN CXXXII. *Baptism.*

1

O Ye blood-wash'd ransom'd Sinners,
Highly favour'd of the Lord,
Now ye prove your Love to Jesus,
By regarding of his Word.

2

See his wat'ry Tomb before you;
Hear him echo,—"follow me;"
For beneath the Streams of Jordan,
Christ, your great Redeemer, lay.

3

Yes—beneath those honour'd Waters,
Great Immanuel was baptiz'd;
Out of which he then ascended,
And the Father was well pleas'd.

4

Love constrains you all to follow
Jesus to his liquid Grave;
Now look up, expect his Presence,
Which he promis'd you to have.

5

Jesus, come; thine Approbation
May we gladly see, and feel;
Cause, O cause the Heav'ns to open,
And thy wond'rous Love reveal.

6

Joys exulting be imparting,
Transports, Raptures, all divine!
Now, O now, on all our Spirits,
May thine heav'nly Glories shine.

HYMN CXXXIII. *The ſame.*

1

LORD, may the Meſſengers of Peace
Thy ev'ry Truth proclaim;
Sway'd by the Force of Sov'reign Grace,
Baptize in thy great Name.

2

If twice Ten Thouſand Foes withſtand,
Thy Word is ſtill the ſame;
Still we obey thy great Command,
Baptize in thy great Name.

3

Fearleſs of all that Men can ſay,
We trace th' obedient Lamb;
Purſue him in the wat'ry Way,
Baptizing in his Name.

4

Lord, while thy Saints thus follow thee,
Thy Glory is their Aim;
Conſtrain'd by Love, they long to be
Baptiz'd in thy great Name.

5

Come, Jeſus, in thy flaming Car,
Thy Mercy now proclaim;
Smile on thy Children, while they are
Baptiz'd in thy great Name.

6

Lord, bid our ev'ry Fear be gone,
Support each weaker Frame;
Bleſs'd with thy Preſence, we'll go on,
Baptizing in thy Name.

HYMN CXXXIV. *Baptiſm.*

1

WHEN we baptize, we ſee the Mode,
In honor'd Jordan's ſwelling Flood;
We're deaf to Error's impious Voice;
The Way Chriſt choſe becomes our Choice.

2

Down in the Stream they both deſcend,
And John immers'd the Sinners Friend;
Out of the Water ſtraightway came
The Church's Head, th' obedient Lamb.

3

Then lo, the Heavens open'd are,
A Dove celeſtial doth appear;
And now the Father's Voice is heard,
(Speaking of Chriſt, th' incarnate Word.)

4

"This, this is my beloved Son,
"Of whom I ſpeak, whom now I own;
"In him well pleas'd, I am always,
"Becauſe in all Things he obeys."

5

Now, ye believing Souls, regard
Th' Example of your glorious Lord;
Walk in his honor'd Paths, and prove
How greatly his Commands you love.

6

And now, O God, in Love come down,
And this thy Inſtitution own;
Shew to thy Saints rich Scenes of Grace,
While Chriſt the Lord they now confeſs.

HYMN CXXXV. *The ſame.*

1

THOU great, incarnate God,
Behold thy Children ſtand;
Warm'd with the Fire of Love divine,
They bow to thy Command.

2

When bury'd with the Lord,
May they his Preſence find;
Prove that the Pleaſures of his Throne
Are with Obedience join'd.

3

When riſing from the Stream,
Lord, ſhew thy lovely Face;
May all the Joys of Heav'n deſcend,
And Glory fill the Place.

4

Then may theſe happy Saints
In thy Commandments run,
'Till they ſhall reach the Realms of Bliſs,
And mount Immanuel's Throne.

5

There they ſhall ſit, and ſing
The once baptized Lamb;
Make all the Courts of Heav'n reſound
With his eternal Name.

6

Then with what ſacred Joy
They'll tune their Saviour's Praiſe!
Millions of Millions there ſhall join
To ſwell the heav'nly Lays.

HYMN CXXXVI. *Baptism.*

1

ON Jordan we would often muſe,
There view the Lamb of God,
With John deſcending in the Stream,
And plung'd beneath the Flood.

2

While great Jehovah's Voice is heard;
From the pure Realms of Light,
"This is my well-beloved Son,
"In whom is my Delight."

3

Thus Chriſt the great Example gives,
All Heav'n approves the Deed;
Thus the dear Saints purſue the Path
Of Zion's glorious Head.

4

Dear Lord, when theſe, thy ranſom'd Saints,
Are in thy Name baptiz'd,
Shine from the glorious Throne of Grace,
And ſhew thyſelf well-pleas'd.

5

Honour'd with God's approving Smile,
And Bleſſings from above;
Then let the World with Anger frown,
We'll pity, pray, and love.

6

All the Commands of Zion's King
We'll cordially embrace;
For all his Ways are pav'd with Love,
And all his Paths are Peace.

HYMN CXXXVII. *The same.*

1

NOW, thou exalted Prince of Peace,
Behold the Subjects of thy Grace;
Drawn by the pleasing Cords of Love,
In Wisdom's Ways they sweetly move.

2

When in the Water they descend,
There may they meet the Sinner's Friend;
Smiling from yonder blissful Throne,
Sending immortal Blessings down.

3

O may they find beneath the Wave,
That Christ is in the liquid Grave;
May they sink deep in Love divine,
And feel the Death of Self and Sin.

4

When from the honour'd Stream they rise,
Then may they view the op'ning Skies;
May the bright Beams of Light appear,
Proving the Lord is truly here.

5

May ev'ry Good to them be giv'n,
And let them feel the Smiles of Heav'n;
Then shall they find celestial Peace,
And triumph in thy special Grace.

6

May all the Ransom'd of thy Blood
Own 'tis a great Command of God;
May each obey the sacred Word,
And follow their incarnate Lord.

HYMN CXXXVIII. *The Dedication of a Child.*

1

THOU, God of Abr'am, God of Love,
God of eternal Peace,
This little Child we now preſent
Before the Throne of Grace.

2

Father of Mercies, now convey
Immortal Bleſſings down;
And in the tend'reſt Arms of Love
Embrace it as thine own.

3

Smile on its never dying Soul;
Waſh it in Jeſu's Blood;
May it in future Days appear
To be a Child of God.

4

Lord, we reſign it to thy Care;
Thy kind Protection give;
May it for ever cleave to thee,
And to thy Glory live.

5

Lord, bleſs the Parents with thy Grace,
And Wiſdom from on High;
And o'er their Offspring may they keep
A ſteady, watchful Eye.

6

Good Council may they both impart,
And good Examples give;
And all at laſt, through ſov'reign Grace,
To Canaan's Land arrive.

HYMN CXXXIX. *The Dedication of Children.*

1

DEAR Lord, these Children now we bring,
Mov'd by thy great Command;
Offer them up in sacred Pray'r,
And leave them in thy Hand.

2

Now may rich Mercy, all divine,
Flow from the Prince of Peace;
Planting in each immortal Soul
The Seed of heav'nly Grace.

3

Lord, bring them up in thy good Ways,
And make them love thy Word;
O may they prove a holy Seed,
A Seed to serve the Lord.

4

And may their Parents, blessed Lord,
Thro' thy rich Council giv'n,
Council their Offspring in thy Fear,
And train them up for Heav'n.

5

May ev'ry Root, and ev'ry Branch,
Be water'd from above;
May each increasingly enjoy
The Blessings of thy Love.

6

Let them all travel Zion's Road,
And ever live in Peace;
Parents and Children rise at length
To Heav'n's eternal Bliss.

HYMN CXL. *The Lord's Supper.*

1

BEHOLD the mighty Suff'rer hangs
Extended on a Tree;
Calls to the Nations, far and near,
The wond'rous Sight to ſee.

2

Thro' the whole Earth he rolls his Voice;
Thus ſpeaks th' incarnate God;
"Sinners behold *The tortur'd Man,*
"Behold the *crimſon Flood.*"

3

Jeſus, we look, and are amaz'd,
Yet pleas'd with what we ſee;
While we behold the Fruits of Love
Dropping from Calv'ry's Tree.

4

Lord, help us now t' improve the Sight,
On thy dear Self recline;
And thro' the Emblems of thy Death,
Enjoy a Life divine.

5

While of thy Supper we partake,
May all be richly bleſs'd;
And at the Marriage Feaſt above,
Be each an honour'd Gueſt.

6

There of thy bleeding Love we'll ſing,
Sing with tranſported Souls;
While all the Wonders of the Croſs
O'er ev'ry Spirit rolls.

HYMN CXLI. *The ſame.*

1

JESUS, an unexampled Friend,
One of exalted Fame,
A great Salvation undertakes,
And finiſhes the ſame.

2

Hell trembled at the grand Deſign,
Oppos'd th' eternal Son;
But he purſu'd the glorious Work,
'Till the great *All* was done.

3

Juſtice was *fully* ſatisfy'd;
Atonement *fully* made;
The Law was *fully* magnify'd,
And wond'rous Love diſplay'd.

4

Salvation, thro' the finiſh'd Work,
Strikes my attentive Ear;
While I believe the Record true,
I looſe each guilty Fear.

5

'Tis finiſh'd,—What a ſweet Report,
What Pleaſure it affords!
O what a Cordial to my Heart
Are Jeſu's dying Words!

6

'Tis finiſh'd—he again repeats,
And at that bliſsful Sound,
Ten Thouſand Evils die away,
And heav'nly Joys abound.

HYMN CXLII. *The Lord's Supper.*

1

MY wond'ring Soul, what doſt thou ſee,
On yonder Mountain ſhine!
Sure 'tis the moſt amazing Sight,
That e'er by Man was ſeen.

2

O 'tis a Sight, that makes me weep,
And yet doth Joy impart;
A Sight that wounds, a Sight that heals;
A Sight, that charms my Heart.

3

O may my Spirit now adore
The ſuff'ring Son of God!
And never, never, ceaſe to gaze
Upon the flowing Blood.

4

Now, Lord, thro' thy rich Sacrifice,
May all my Sins depart;
And with a Blaze of dying Love
Break and diſſolve my Heart.

5

Lord, help us now to ſing aloud,
Jeſus ſhall be the Theme;
For Life eternal richly flows
From Calv'ry's purple Stream.

6

Lord, to thy Croſs we'd fix our Eyes;
Thy bleeding Love adore;
And triumph in thy Sacrifice,
When Time ſhall be no more.

HYMN CXLIII. *The same.*

1

O What a noble Feaſt is this!
It makes us ſweetly ſing;
Thro' Bread and Wine, we clearly trace
The Death of our great King.

2

In Bread, we view the bruiſed Fleſh,
In Wine, we ſee the Blood;
And Oh! the Fleſh and Blood of Chriſt
Prove moſt delicious Food.

3

Our happy Spirits now admire
The dying Prince of Peace;
For in his Suff'rings we behold
A matchleſs Scene of Grace.

4

O Jeſus, may our longing Eyes
Be faſten'd on thy Death;
May we thus gaze our Time away,
And thus reſign our Breath.

5

Then may we all triumphant riſe
Up to the Courts on high;
There will Immanuel feaſt his Saints,
And make them ſing for Joy.

6

Celeſtial Love, and ſacred Blood,
Shall fill the noble Song;
Sweet Halleluja's ſhall employ
The wond'rous happy Throng.

HYMN CXLIV. *Prayer.*

1

LORD of the Skies, look down,
And hearken to our Pray'rs;
Shine from thy gracious Throne,
And chaſe away our Fears;
Then to thy Name a Song we'll raiſe,
And ev'ry Note ſhall ſwell with Praiſe.

2

Enlighten ev'ry Mind,
Fill ev'ry Heart with Grace;
May ev'ry Spirit find,
That God is in the Place;
Then to his Name a Song we'll raiſe,
And ev'ry Note ſhall ſwell with Praiſe.

3

Hark! Hark! 'tis Jeſu's Voice;
Oh! liſten to his Word;
He ſays,—"Ye Saints, rejoice,
"For all your Pray'rs are heard;"
Then to his Name a Song we'll raiſe,
And ev'ry Note ſhall ſwell with Praiſe.

4

Soon ſhall the Saviour give
Our Souls their full Deſire;
And we with him ſhall live,
And all his Grace admire;
Then to his Name a Song we'll raiſe,
And ev'ry Note ſhall ſwell with Praiſe.

HYMN. CXLV. *The same.*

1

THOU great redeeming God,
Our Doubts and Fears remove;
For only thro' thy Blood,
We look for pard'ning Love;
To Calv'ry's Tree we all repair,
Waiting to find Forgiveneſs there.

2

As to the Mount we go,
And view the Man that dy'd;
May free Salvation flow
From Jeſu's wounded Side;
Then all Things elſe we'll count but Loſs,
And glory only in the Croſs.

3

Jeſus, our Pray'rs regard,
Redemption now impart;
O ſpeak the healing Word,
And eaſe the broken Heart;
Then fir'd with Love, we'll ſing aloud
The Virtues of a Saviour's Blood.

4

With Pray'r we then ſhall join
Sweet elevated Praiſe,
Praiſe, that is all Divine,
Fraught with triumphant Joys;
And with high Raptures will we found
The Love of Jeſus all around.

HYMN. CXLVI. *Prayer.*

1

LORD, how lovely is thy Temple,
How delightful is the Place,
Where thy Beauties ſhine reſplendent,
Where thou doſt diſplay thy Grace!
How endearing, how endearing,
Are the Smiles of Jeſu's Face!

2

Here we ſing, and love, and wonder;
Here we join to praiſe the Lord;
Pouring out our Souls to Jeſus,
And enjoy a great Reward;
For the Saviour, for the Saviour,
Does the weakeſt Pray'r regard.

3

Ev'ry Breathing is accepted,
When the Soul to Jeſus moves;
Pray'rs of all the truly humble
Jeſus cordially approves;
All the ſimple, all the ſimple,
Jeſus liſtens to, and loves.

4

On his praying, waiting People,
Oh! what Bleſſings he doth pour!
How he ſmiles with Approbation,
While they knock at Mercy's Door!
Lord we'll praiſe thee, &c.
Now, henceforth, for evermore.

HYMN CXLVII.

Prayer for the Life of God in the Soul.

1

JESUS, the Church's glorious Head,
Behold, we wait for living Bread;
O feed our Souls with Grace divine,
While on thy Bosom we recline;
Cleans'd in the Fountain of thy Blood,
We pray to feel the Life of God.

2

Lord, ev'ry barren Soul revive,
And keep thy Children all alive;
Gazing on Calv'ry's wond'rous Tree,
There th' atoning Saviour see;
Cleans'd in the Fountain of thy Blood,
We pray to feel the Life of God.

3

Jesus, thy quick'ning Grace impart,
And sweetly soften ev'ry Heart;
O let us hear thy Bowels sound,
And find forgiving Love abound;
Cleans'd in the Fountain of thy Blood,
We pray to feel the Life of God.

4

Saviour, for *Life*, for *Life* we pray,
More of thy Life, and *more* convey;
Abounding Life, O Lord, reveal
A heav'nly Life we pant to feel;
Cleans'd in the Fountain of thy Blood,
We pray for *all* the Life of God.

HYMN CXLVIII. *Praising Christ.*

1

NOW would we praise th' eternal Son,
And of his Wonders tell;
E'er triumph in him,
Who dy'd to redeem,
And save us from Sin, Death, and Hell.

2

Lord, may we all with vast Delight
Thy Praises roll along;
And sing thro' the Earth
Thy Beauty and Worth,
And Thousands shall join in the Song.

3

Ne'er may we tire in heav'nly Praise,
But *more* the Work approve;
And fill'd with more Fire,
Raise sweeter and higher
The Chorus of Jesus's Love.

4

But Oh! when Face to Face we see
The Object we desire,
Then *louder* we'll raise
The Anthems of Praise,
And make all the Angels admire.

HYMN CXLIX. *Diſmiſſion.*

1

JESUS, before our Bodies part,
Fill all our Souls with Love;
Then, then will we ſound
To Sinners around
What permanent Pleaſures we prove.

2

Yet the pure Joys we now receive,
From cleareſt Views of Grace,
Cannot be compar'd
With that great Reward
That ſhortly the Saints ſhall poſſeſs.

3

Yes,—the bleſs'd Period ſhall arrive,
When with the heav'nly Throng
We'll raiſe Shouts of Love,
With Angels above,
And Jeſus's Name be the Song.

4

There the great Shepherd's ranſom'd Flock
Shall meet, no more to part;
But mutually join
In Praiſes Divine,
And Glory fill every Heart.

HYMN CL. *Diſmiſſion.*

1

FROM the dear Flock of Jeſu's Saints,
How painful 'tis to go!
But ſuch muſt be our ſad Complaints,
While trav'lling here below.

2

If parting now ſo grieves each Heart,
That's knit to Zion's Head,
Then ſurely Jeſus ne'er will part
With thoſe for whom he bled.

3

True muſt his Word for ever ſtand;
Then—he'll ne'er leave his Sheep;
But in the Hollow of his Hand,
Their Souls he'll ever keep.

4

He'll train them up, thro' Grace divine,
A Kingdom to poſſeſs;
There ſhall their Souls for ever ſhine,
In perfect Love, and Peace.

5

What a delightful Company
Shall meet on Canaan's Shore!
Oh! what a Meeting that will be,
When Parting is no more!

6

Then round the ſhining Throne above,
We'll ſing in chearful Strains;
Sound the dear Saviour's dying Love,
Thro' all the heav'nly Plains.

HYMN CLI.

The Sinner Triumphing in the Saviour.

CHRIST is my Rock, my Hope, my Stay,
In him I triumph all the Day;
Who can conceive the pure Delight,
My Soul enjoys when he's in Sight!

2

Tho' num'rous Evils o'er me roll,
And threaten Ruin to my Soul,
Still in the Strength my Jesus brings,
My Soul triumphant—loudly sings.

3

Sings in the midst of various Woes;
Sings thro' the Hosts of all its Foes;
Presses its rapid Course to God,
Thro' the rich Plea of Jesu's Blood.

4

For all the Grace that makes me sing,
I'll ever thank my God and King;
'Tis he *alone* my Triumphs raise,
And he *alone* shall have the Praise.

5

Now to my glorious God I cry,
Lord, let me feel abounding Joy;
Oh! let me triumph like a Stephen,
Triumph and sing my Way to Heav'n.

6

There on a Throne of wond'rous Love,
I'll triumph with the Hosts above;
And like the first Arch-Angel sing
The Triumphs of my heav'nly King.

HYMN CLII. *Invitation.*

1

JESUS thus calls to all the Earth,
"*Sinners return to God*;"
See the great Path-Way open lies,
Thro' Calv'ry's flowing Blood.

2

Millions at once may travel here,
And all ſhall ſurely find
The gracious God, to whom they fly,
Exceeding free and kind.

3

Salvation waits the coming Soul,
And all the Fruits of Grace;
And all who reſt on Jeſu's Croſs,
Shall feel the Goſpel Peace.

HYMN CLIII. *The ſame.*

1

COME, Sinners, think on Jeſu's Worth,
Think how he came from Heav'n to Earth;
Think of his Love, and turn your Eye
To Calv'ry's Croſs, and ſee him die.

2

Who can thoſe Suff'rings ever view,
And evil Courſes ſtill purſue?
Lord, bid us all to Calv'ry move,
To gaze, repent, believe, and love.

HYMN CLIV. *Invitation.*

1

COME, all who feel your Nature's Guilt,
Who feel your Nature's Loſs,
See how the Streams of pard'ning Blood,
Flow down from yonder Croſs!

2

Who is it hangs, and bleeds, and groans,
And cries, "'*tis done*, '*tis done*?"
Who is it calls to Sinners now,
And ſays, "The Vict'ry's won!"

3

Ah! 'tis the Prince of endleſs Peace;
I hear his ſoothing Voice;
He bids the vileſt *look*, and *live*,
Be pardon'd, and rejoice.

HYMN CLV. *The ſame.*

1

SINNERS, hear the Goſpel Meſſage,
Hear the News it freely brings;
Come to Jeſus, *all* are welcome,
Welcome to the King of Kings.

2

He'll ne'er ſlight the coming Sinner,
But the choiceſt Good impart;
Pour down Floods of tend'reſt Mercy,
Sweetly heal the broken Heart.

HYMN CLVI. *Invitation.*

1

THINK, ye apoſtate Race,
Think on the Croſs awhile;
Think how the Saviour groan'd, and dy'd,
To lift you up from Hell.

2

Hear how he intercedes
For Sinners here below;
" Father, forgive their awful Crimes,
" They know not what they do."

3

Still with the warmeſt Love
Glows the dear Saviour's Breaſt;
Waits to be gracious, waits to ſmile,
And waits to give you Reſt.

HYMN CLVII. *The ſame.*

1

JESU's *Words*, how ſweet, how precious,
How divinely ſoft and kind!
How inviting, how affecting;
How they eaſe the troubled Mind!

2

On the Croſs, he ſays, "*'tis finiſh'd*,"
Sin, and Hell, is overthrown;
Wounded Sinners, O believe him;
Love and praiſe his Name *alone*.

HYMN CLVIII. *Invitation.*

1

COME, come, ye guilty Souls,
To Calv'ry ſwiftly move;
See your Redeemer cloath'd in Blood,
And wonder at his Love.

2

Ye vileſt of the Vile,
Fly to a Saviour's Breaſt;
Receive the Bleſſings he beſtows,
And be of Heav'n poſſeſs'd.

3

Haſte to th' atoning Croſs,
The Lamb of God adore;
You'll then find Peace, in Life, or Death;
Yea, Peace for evermore.

HYMN CLIX. *The ſame.*

1

SINNERS, to Jeſus fly,
Be ſav'd from ev'ry Sin;
See, his dear Arms are open wide,
And wait to take you in.

2

Jeſus delights to bleſs
The penitential Train;
Seek his dear Face.—O Sinners, ſeek,
Ye ſhall not ſeek in vain.

HYMN CLX. *Hospitality amongst Saints.*

1

LORD, make us loving to thy Saints;
May we regard their sad Complaints;
And with a sympathetic Grief
Stretch out our Hand for their Relief.

2

As in thy sacred Book we see,
What's done to *them* is done to *thee*;
Amaz'd, we read in thy own Word,
That feeding *them*, we feed the *Lord*.

3

Then give us each a gen'rous Mind,
Make us all open, free, and kind;
Great Pleasure may we ever take,
In helping Saints, for Jesu's Sake.

HYMN CLXI. *The same.*

1

LORD, may thy Children ever prove
The growing Joys of fervent Love;
In Works of Faith may they abound,
And spread their Bounties all around.

2

Lord, give us all the tender Heart,
Ready and willing to impart
The Fruits of Love to all we see,
And then direct their Souls to thee.

HYMN CLXII.

A Prayer againſt Hardneſs of Heart.

1

COME, gracious Jeſus, look on one
Whoſe Heart is ſtrangely hard;
May ſov'reign Mercy move thee now,
Thy Servant to regard.

2

Not all the Power I poſſeſs
Can e'er remove this Stone;
But Oh! it ſoon diſſolves away,
When bleeding Love comes down.

3

Shew me Compaſſion, deareſt Lord,
And all my Guilt remove;
Melt my hard Heart with pard'ning Blood,
And fill my Soul with Love.

HYMN CLXIII. *The ſame.*

1

JESUS, in Mercy now behold
This wretched Heart of mine;
Take out the Stone, and let me feel
The Love that's all divine.

2

Then ſhall my Tongue reſound thy Praiſe,
And ſhout aloud thy Fame;
And with Delight ſhall raiſe a Song
To great Immanuel's Name.

HYMN CLXIV. *Againſt Lukewarmneſs.*

1

LORD, keep us from a lukewarm State,
We fervently implore;
Seeing 'tis ſuch thou doſt condemn,
And ſuch thou doſt abhor.

2

Ne'er let us ſink in awful Guilt,
Or Barrenneſs of Heart;
But all the quick'ning Pow'r of Love
Impart, O Lord, *impart*.

3

Lord, may we travel Zion's Paths
With Light, Life, Love, and Peace;
And ſpend our happy Days below
Praiſing triumphant Grace.

HYMN CLXV.

Spreading the Glories of Chriſt.

1

O May we all, who love the Lord,
Moſt ſweetly join, with one Accord,
To echo forth our Saviour's Praiſe,
And ſpeak of all his wond'rous Ways.

2

Let us commend the Paths of God,
And charm the World with Jeſu's Blood;
May we, with Pleaſure, ever tell,
That Chriſt receiveth Sinners ſtill.

HYMN CLXVI. *The Efficacy of Grace.*

1

WHEN Sinners ſee their awful State,
They know not where to fly;
Soon they behold the Mercy-Seat,
And then for Mercy cry.

2

Now the bleſs'd Spirit of our God
Shews them a dying Chriſt,
Who drowns their Sins in precious Blood,
And gives them Goſpel Reſt.

3

Then, then they ſeek the Things above,
And move in Wiſdom's Ways;
Their Souls are all diſſolv'd in Love,
And ſweetly fill'd with Praiſe.

HYMN CLXVII. *The Penitent's Deſire.*

1

COME, O thou great exalted Lamb,
Waſh me in thy rich Blood;
Say to my poor afflicted Soul,
"I am thy pard'ning God."

2

Give me, O Lord, a ſteady Truſt
In thy atoning Name;
Charm'd with the Virtues of thy Croſs,
I'd ſing thy matchleſs Fame.

HYMN CLXVIII. *Knowledge of Forgiveneſs.*

1

THE great, the everlaſting Lord
Plainly declares in his own Word,
That his dear Saints ſhall richly prove
The Joys of his forgiving Love.

2

All, all the penitential Race
Shall ſurely *know* the God of Grace;
Shall *know* and *feel* their Sins forgiv'n,
And boldly lay a Claim to Heav'n.

3

Dear Lord, if 'tis thy heav'nly Will,
O give us conſtantly to feel,
That *we*, e'en *we*, forgiv'n are,
And ſoon in Glory ſhall appear.

HYMN CLXIX.

The convinced Sinner releaſed.

1

WHEN overwhelm'd with Pain and Grief,
I ſaw my Saviour ſlain,
His great Atonement gave Relief,
And eas'd me of my Pain.

2

Lord, may I cleave to thy dear Croſs,
Thy glorious Word obey;
And ne'er forget thoſe Streams of Blood,
That waſh'd my Sins away.

HYMN CLXX. *Reflections on paſt Sins.*

1

WHAT a rebellious Wretch I've been!
Oh! how I've made a Mock at Sin!
Lord, thy Forbearance I admire,
Since I am not in Tophet's Fire.

2

Now I look back with Grief and Shame,
To think how I've abus'd thy Name;
Oh! how I've ſcorn'd the Word of God,
And jeſted with a Saviour's Blood!

3

And can the Saviour me receive?
And will he ſuch a Wretch forgive?
He can, he will, I'd doubt no more;
But *now* believe, and *now* adore.

HYMN CLXXI. *The Power of God.*

1

'TIS the Almighty Pow'r of God
Diſplays triumphant Grace;
Applies the great Redeemer's Blood,
And gives the Conſcience Peace.

2

Altho' deſpis'd by all around,
To thee, O Lord, we call;
'Tis by thy Pow'r we firmly ſtand,
We fight, and conquer all.

HYMN CLXXII.

A Prayer for the Ungodly.

1

O Lord, behold what Numbers lie
In the vaſt Gulph of Sin,
Ready to plunge in Hell's dark Pit,
Infernal Holts to join!

2

Pluck them from Tophet's flaming Jaws,
Wrench them from Satan's Throne;
Releaſe them from their Chains of Sin,
And make thy Glory known.

3

Send them to Calv'ry's wond'rous Hill,
To gaze on Zion's God;
O make them know, O make them feel,
The Joys of pard'ning Blood.

HYMN CLXXIII. *The ſame.*

1

O Jeſus, with a pitying Eye,
Look from the Realms of Light;
Sinners convert, and turn to thee,
And ſet their Spirits right.

2

May Numbers of the giddy Throng
Be brought in Wiſdom's Ways;
Admire the great Redeemer's Love,
And ſing the Song of Praiſe.

HYMN CLXXIV. *Admiring of God.*

1

OF all the Beauties I behold,
Round the terreſtial Ball,
None ſo endearing as my God,
He far excells them all.

2

God, and his great unequal'd Son,
My heav'n-taught Spirit fires;
God, in his Providence and Grace,
My wond'ring Soul admires.

3

More may I love the Things of God!
And Oh! rejoice to tell
Of all the Things I ever knew,
The Things of God excell.

HYMN CLXXV. *Meeting of Chriſtian Friends*

1

LORD, now behold thy Children dear
Are once more met in godly Fear;
O may we all in Love be join'd,
And Pleaſure in each other find.

2

Jeſus, to thee we lift our Eyes,
Praying no Diſcords may ariſe;
We'd find our Hearts aſpire above,
And fill up all our Time in Love.

HYMN CLXXVI.

Prayer for Peaceful Tempers.

1

MY evil Tempers, Lord, ſubdue,
By thy all-conq'ring Grace;
Give me a Heart enlarg'd with Love,
And fill'd with heav'nly Peace.

2

Give me a Love to all the World,
Peculiar Love to thoſe
Who love and fear thy ſacred Name,
And ev'ry Sin oppoſe.

3

Give me a Spirit all ſerene;
And may I ever find
Peace with my God, Peace with the Saints,
And Peace with all Mankind.

HYMN CLXXVII. *The ſame.*

1

JESUS, give the Goſpel Temper,
Let me love thy ſoft'ning Grace;
Hate the Things that ſtir Contention;
Seek the Things that make for Peace.

2

Let me fly from Wrath and Clamour;
Eager in thy Ways to move;
Zealous in the Fruits of Kindneſs;
Zealous in promoting Love.

HYMN CLXXVIII.

The Preſence of the Lord.

1

THY Preſence, Lord, creates my Joy,
And heals my ev'ry Wound;
Makes ev'ry Evil loſe its Pow'r,
Makes ev'ry Good abound.

2

Now, for thy Preſence, Lord, we pray,
Be preſent now to bleſs;
Preſent to comfort mourning Souls;
Preſent to give them Peace.

3

Preſent to conquer ev'ry Sin;
Preſent to vanquiſh Fear;
Preſent to help us raiſe the Song;
"*My God is ſurely here.*"

HYMN CLXXIX. *The ſame.*

1

PRESENCE thyſelf, O Son of God;
Among thy Saints appear;
Come, and defeat all Hell's Deſigns,
And let us feel Thee *here*.

2

O'erturn, o'erturn infernal Schemes,
Thro' all-prevailing Blood;
Now let us find *the preſent Help*,
The Help that comes from God.

HYMN CLXXX. *For the Morning.*

1

JESUS, my God, did me ſurround,
And keep me all this Night;
Once more, my Soul, I'm brought to ſee
The glorious Morning Light.

2

And now, O Lord, accept my Praiſe,
For thy preſerving Love;
And help me all the Day to walk
The Paths thou ſhalt approve.

3

Thyſelf, thy Word, and all thy Ways,
I'd evermore regard;
Urge on my Way to Canaan's Land,
There to behold my Lord.

HYMN CLXXXI. *For the Evening.*

1

THOU, Lord, haſt kept me all this Day,
Haſt Food and Raiment giv'n;
And now my longing Soul refreſh
With precious Bread from Heav'n.

2

Jeſus, thy Kindneſs I review,
And praiſe thee with Delight;
But now I muſt requeſt again
To keep me thro' this Night.

HYMN CLXXXII. *Marriage.*

1

MARRIAGE, the Lord ordain'd of old,
Wiſely in Righteouſneſs;
Sweet, mutual Help is here deſign'd,
And mutual Love and Peace.

2

To all who marry in the Lord,
Bleſſings are ſurely giv'n;
Mutual Delight ſhall be enjoy'd,
And all the Smiles of Heav'n.

3

Lord, bleſs the preſent happy Pair,
And let them e'er agree;
Still more unite their Hearts in Love,
And make them live to thee.

HYMN CLXXXIII. *For divine Direction.*

1

DIVINE Direction, Lord, I need,
That to thy Praiſe I live;
Divine Direction I implore;
Divine Direction give.

2

Shew me the Paths I ſhould purſue,
Thy ſov'reign Will to trace;
And let me view eternal Love,
Thro' ev'ry Change I paſs.

HYMN CLXXXIV. *Death.*

1

WHEN Death to guilty Man appears,
It fills his Mind with painful Fears;
Trembling he sees the Visage pale,
And dreads an everlasting Hell.

2

But some there are born from above,
Who feel their Saviour's pard'ning Love;
Such happy Souls, redeem'd by Blood,
Can welcome the great Day of God.

3

"Come, Death, and waft my Soul on high,"
(Is a Believer's frequent Cry)
"O lodge me on Immanuel's Breast,
"To prove an everlasting Rest."

HYMN CLXXXV. *Funeral.*

1

OUR Brother's left this World of Woe,
And freed from ev'ry earthly Foe;
Beyond th'etherial Skies he sings,
Enraptur'd with the *King* of Kings.

2

And now, O Lord, to Thee we cry,
Come, and prepare us all to die;
O may we all depart in Peace,
And see our Saviour Face to Face.

HYMN CLXXXVI.

For a faithful and upright Ministry.

1

LORD, may thy Watchmen all stand fast,
Zealous and faithful to the last;
O may they live a Life of Pray'r,
And all the Truths of God declare.

2

May they oppose the Monster, Sin,
Shew the great Danger *all* are in;
Then may the Messengers of God
Direct them to a Saviour's Blood.

3

May Numbers hear the Shepherd's Voice,
And in his pard'ning Love rejoice;
Be thankful for the Gospel-Word,
That brings them to their glorious Lord.

HYMN CLXXXVII. *The same.*

1

MAY all thy Ministers, O Lord,
Regard thy great commanding Word;
And make them all proclaim abroad
Th' Importance of the Word of God.

2

May thousands fall before its Pow'r,
Believe, and wonder, and adore;
Thy Mercy tell to all around,
Thy Praises thro' the Earth resound.

HYMN CLXXXVIII.

For a Bleſſing on the Word preached.

1

O Bleſs thy Servant, deareſt Lord,
While he ſhall preach the Goſpel-Word;
May he declare delightful Things
Touching the glorious King of Kings.

2

O grant him bright celeſtial Views,
While he proclaims the Goſpel-News;
With fiery Zeal his Soul inflame,
While he exalts the bleeding Lamb.

3

Give him clear Light, and burning Love,
And ſhow'r down Bleſſings from above;
May we *all* hear the Saviour's Voice,
And *all* believe, and *all* rejoice.

HYMN CLXXXIX. *The ſame.*

1

LORD, while thy Servant ſhall proclaim
Redemption thro' a Saviour's Name,
O may thy Spirit now impart
Salvation to the Sinner's Heart.

2

To thy great Name, O Lord, we cry,
Come, and thy precious Word apply;
Then ſhall poor Sinners ſweetly feel
What a dear Saviour can reveal.

HYMN CXC. *After Sermon.*

1

JESUS, we hear thy Word,
And ſolid Pleaſure find;
The Goſpel Trumpet ſweetly ſounds,
And charms the thoughtful Mind.

2

Ne'er may our Souls forget
The Words of ſuch a Friend;
But love his Perſon, Works, and Ways,
And all his Paths attend.

3

Lord, may we grow in Grace,
Grow in celeſtial Love;
Soon may we leave thy Courts below,
And dwell with thee above.

HYMN CXCI. *The ſame.*

1

O What happy, happy Tidings
Have been ſounded in our Ears;
Ah! how ſweet! how kind! how lovely!
Jeſus in his Word appears!

2

May we prize the Revelation
Of the glorious Son of God;
And may we for ever trace him,
Thro' th' amazing Paths of Blood.

HYMN CXCII. *Before Sermon.*

1

WE're now about to hear
A Goſpel fraught with Blood;
May we all ſtand at Zion's Gate,
To know the Mind of God.

2

To this great End apply
Thy Word, thou Prince of Peace;
And make our longing Souls enjoy
The Sweets of Goſpel Grace.

3

Now may the Holy Ghoſt
Break ev'ry ſtony Heart,
Take of the glorious Things of Chriſt,
And heav'nly Life impart.

HYMN CXCIII. *The ſame.*

1

JESUS, thou Deſire of Nations,
We would now thy Wonders trace;
Now appear, thro' thy rich Goſpel,
Full of Truth, and full of Grace.

2

May we ſee the King of Zion
In the Chariot of his Word;
And admire the matchleſs Beauty
Of our great incarnate Lord.

HYMN CXCIV. *After Sermon.*

1

THE Goſpel's a Meſſage of Peace,
We oft by Experience have felt;
'Tis fill'd with Immanuel's Grace,
And ſweeps away Mountains of Guilt.

2

O ſweet Revelation divine!
Delighted, we've heard thy Contents;
All thro' it our Jeſus doth ſhine,
A Lover of all his dear Saints.

3

Dear Lord, may we prize the rich Peace,
The Peace ſo abundantly giv'n;
It flows thro' the Word of thy Grace,
And makes us anticipate Heav'n.

HYMN CXCV. *The ſame.*

1

LORD, what thy Servant has advanc'd,
According to thy Word,
Make it appear to all our Souls
Worthy of great Regard.

2

O may we know the Goſpel's Voice;
Its Truths may we digeſt;
And of its Treaſures may we all
Be happily poſſeſs'd.

HYMN CXCVI. *Before Sermon.*

1

ALMIGHTY Saviour, now draw near,
And ev'ry Sinner's Heart prepare
To hear thy rich, inſtructing Word;
And what we hear may we regard.

2

Faſten thy Councils on each Mind,
And make us all to thee reſign'd;
Error's confounding Voice we'd flee,
And take thy Word our Rule to be.

3

Now let it come with Pow'r divine,
And let thy Mercy thro' it ſhine;
May all our Souls rejoice to prove
Communion with the God of Love.

HYMN CXCVII. *The ſame.*

1

NOW, thou all-victorious Jeſus,
Thro' thy glorious Goſpel ſhine;
Make each Perſon, now aſſembled,
Feel the Force of Truth divine.

2

Strike each Mind with thy great Power;
All our Sorrows now remove;
Now may ev'ry Soul acknowledge
Jeſus is the God of Love.

HYMN CXCVIII. *After Sermon.*

1

GLORY to our sov'reign Lord,
For this precious Gospel Word;
We adore the sacred Name
Of the great atoning Lamb.

2

Free Salvation we have found,
By the Gospel's joyful Sound;
How we love the heav'nly News!
May we ne'er the same abuse.

3

O thou everlasting Lord,
We admire the sacred Word,
Which displays such wond'rous Grace,
Thro' the dying Prince of Peace.

HYMN CXCIX. *The same.*

1

AND does the great eternal Lord
Such wond'rous Things proclaim?
Then may we prize the Gospel Word,
And love the Saviour's Name.

2

Lord, may the Truths thou hast declar'd
Charm each attentive Mind;
May we all muse on what we've heard,
And heav'nly Pleasure find.

HYMN CC. *Before Sermon.*

1

NOW, while we hear the Word of God,
May we in Pray'r be found;
And credit ev'ry Goſpel Truth,
And love the pleaſing Sound.

2

May this our Language ever be,
"Speak, Lord, thy Servants hear;"
Speak a Salvation to the Soul,
And baffle ev'ry Fear.

3

Oh! that a ſweet Simplicity
Might ev'ry Heart poſſeſs;
Then ſhall the Saviour freely teach
The Leſſons of his Grace.

HYMN CCI. *The ſame.*

1

O That the God of ſov'reign Pow'r
Would *now*, ev'n *now* appear;
Would *now* his Servant help to preach,
And help us all to hear.

2

Now may the Goſpel of the Lamb
Come with a pleaſing Force;
Give us more Strength, more ſwift to run
The Pilgrim's happy Courſe.

HYMN CCH. *After Sermon.*

1

THOU great, all-wiſe and glorious God,
Thy Wiſdom now diſplay;
Wiſdom's a Gift of ſov'reign Grace,
And we for Wiſdom pray.

2

Dear God, thy everlaſting Word
Make us all underſtand;
Love the great Doctrines there contain'd,
Obey each great Command.

3

May we delight to do thy Will,
From ev'ry Sin refrain;
Then ſhall we prove we have not heard
Thy glorious Word in vain.

HYMN CCIII. *The ſame.*

1

O The balmy Truths of Jeſus,
What Enjoyments they impart!
How they heal the clam'rous Conſcience!
How they elevate the Heart!

2

Deareſt Lord, may we remember
Truths ſo precious, ſo divine;
Ever feel their grand Importance,
And in Practice ever ſhine!

HYMN CCIV. *Prayer.*

1

O Jesus, descend,
Our Pray'rs now attend,
And prove unto us a compassionate Friend:
Dear Saviour, to thee,
We ardently pray,
That heavenly Blessings thou now wouldst convey.

2

We hither are met,
To fall at thy Feet,
Expecting rich Mercies from thy Mercy-Seat;
O Jesus, draw near,
And answer each Pray'r,
And may we acknowledge,—'tis good to be here.

HYMN CCV. *The same.*

1

NOW to the God of sov'reign Grace
We'd ever pray, and never cease;
Tho' weak, and faint, we'd wrestle on,
Till Jesus bows his glorious Throne.

2

He comes, he comes, the Prince of Peace
No longer can conceal his Face;
He's conquer'd by the Pow'r of Pray'r,
And makes his Glories now appear.

HYMN CCVI. *Prayer.*

1

DEAR Jesus, we pray,
That Multitudes may
Attend thy rich Gospel, believe and obey:
Thine Arm now exert,
And Sinners convert,
And pardoning Mercy to Millions impart.

2

In Pity look down
From thy gracious Throne,
And grant us all Boldness thy Gospel to own:
O pour forth thy Grace,
And make no Delays,
Then we will continue to pray and to praise.

HYMN CCVII. *The same.*

1

WHO would not to the Lord draw near,
In the delightful Path of Pray'r?
Since praying Souls he dearly loves,
And of their Pray'rs so much approves.

2

Then ne'er may we from Pray'r refrain,
Knowing we ne'er shall pray in vain;
For Zion's God will lend an Ear
To the most weak and broken Pray'r.

HYMN CCVIII. *Prayer.*

1

NE'ER was a Sinner caſt away,
Whom the Redeemer taught to pray;
He loves ſuch Souls by far too well,
Than e'er to caſt them down to Hell.

2

Come, praying Soul, thy God draws near,
And liſtens to each broken Pray'r;
Pleas'd, he attends thy ev'ry Groan,
And ſoon in Mercy will come down.

3

He ne'er was known to diſappoint
A praying, waiting, humble Saint;
But ſuch a Soul he'll ever bleſs
With all the Glories of his Grace.

HYMN CCIX. *The ſame.*

1

NOW, deareſt Saviour, ſee us all
At thy dear Footſtool humbly fall;
O come in Mercy to each Heart,
And heav'nly Bleſſings now impart.

2

Jeſus, we'll ſtrive, in Strength divine,
'Till we ſhall ſee thy Glory ſhine;
Dear Saviour, crown the holy Strife,
And let us feel immortal Life.

HYMN COX. *Prayer.*

1

O How pleaſant 'tis to ſee
Saints in Jeſu's Name agree;
Seeking Bleſſings from above,
Bleſſings from the God of Love!

2

Fill'd with Heaven's glorious Fire,
How their longing Hearts aſpire
After Jeſu's ſov'reign Grace,
Panting to behold his Face!

3

Jeſus, from thy Throne impart
Cordials to the wounded Heart;
May thy Saints for ever prove
Thou art God, and God is Love.

HYMN CCXI. *The ſame.*

1

LORD, we'll all go on to pray,
Sweetly ſing our Time away;
When we die, we pray no more;
But ſhall wonder and adore.

2

O what living, ſwelling Joys
We ſhall feel above the Skies!
We ſhall ſit on Jeſu's Throne,
Praiſing him, and him *alone*.

HYMN CCXII. *Prayer.*

1

NOW what a Train of praying Souls
Surround the Throne of God;
O how they all unite to plead
The dear Redeemer's Blood!

2

After the Joys of Canaan's Land
They eagerly purſue;
What a bright Scene of heav'nly Day
Breaks open to their View!

3

Thus the dear Saints are richly bleſs'd
From yon celeſtial Hill;
And greater Things ſhall they behold,
And greater Pleaſures feel.

HYMN CCXIII. *The ſame.*

1

LORD, may we all delight to pray,
And prize a Throne of Grace,
Delight to walk in Zion's Road,
And meet the Prince of Peace.

2

Let us inceſſantly enjoy
Acceſs to Jeſu's Heart;
Prove the Compaſſions of the ſame
To eaſe our ev'ry Smart.

HYMN CCXIV. *Prayer.*

1

JESUS, thou glorious King,
The Sinners only Friend,
Look from the ſhining Courts of Bliſs,
And all our Pray'rs attend.

2

Thou haſt in Periods paſt
Heard the poor Sinner's cry,
And from thy great refulgent Throne
Caſt a propitious Eye.

3

Dear Lord, again indulge
The ſupplicating Heart
With a bright Beam of ſov'reign Love,
And Joys divine impart.

HYMN CCXV. *The ſame.*

1

JESUS, our fervent Pray'rs
We now direct to thee;
We wait to feel the Pow'r divine,
That ſets the Captive free.

2

Then, with a joyful Voice,
To Sinners we'll declare,
How the Redeemer's tender Heart
Is mov'd to anſwer Pray'r.

HYMN CCXVI. *Prayer.*

1

LOVING Saviour, heav'nly King,
'Tis to thee we pray and ſing;
O what ſacred Joys we know,
While within thy Courts below!

2

O how pleaſant 'tis to join
With the Saints in Hymns divine!
May we ſpend our happy Days,
Thus to pray, and thus to praiſe.

3

When to Worlds of Light we fly,
Far beyond th' etherial Sky
Then in higheſt Strains we'll ſing
Praiſes to Mount Zion's King.

HYMN CCXVII. *The ſame.*

1

NOW, deareſt Lord, thy Name we praiſe,
Knowing thou doſt regard our Cries;
For, thro' the Lamb's atoning Blood,
We find a glorious Way to God.

2

Together may we often meet
To ſupplicate a Mercy Seat;
And ev'ry praying Soul ſhall ſoon
Appear before Meſſiah's Throne.

HYMN CCXVIII. *Prayer.*

1

JESUS who reigns above the Skies,
'Tis to thee we lift our Eyes;
All our Supplications hear,
Answer ev'ry fervent Pray'r.

2

Jesus, come, and don't delay;
Shew us Mercy, while we pray;
Shew us *now* thy tender Heart,
All thy Kindness *now* impart.

3

Rain down Blessings from above,
Let it be a Time of Love;
Then we'll all rejoice, and say,
Oh! 'tis Good, 'tis Good to pray.

HYMN CCXIX. *The same.*

1

TO Jacob's faithful God,
Our longing Souls ascend;
Now for a Soul-reviving Smile
From our atoning Friend.

2

We'll wrestle on in Pray'r,
Aided by sov'reign Grace,
'Till we o'ercome the mighty God,
And see him Face to Face.

HYMN CCXX. *The Dedication of Children.*

1

LOOK on theſe Infants, deareſt Lord,
And their immortal Souls regard;
Them to thyſelf we freely give,
Breathe on their Souls, and bid them live.

2

Embrace them in the Arms of Love,
And ſend down Bleſſings from above;
Bleſſings immortal, now impart
To ev'ry Infant's tender Heart.

3

May they all fear thee from their Youth,
Know and enjoy the God of Truth;
In ſweet Obedience ſpend their Days,
And learn to ſing the Saviour's Praiſe.

HYMN CCXXI. *The ſame.*

1.

GREAT God, to thee we look,
Theſe little Children bleſs;
Shine from thy Throne, and now convey
Thy rich renewing Grace.

2

Parents and Children take
Under thy ſacred Wings;
O may they learn to *love* and *fear*,
And *ſerve* the King of Kings.

HYMN CCXXII. *Baptism.*

1

KING of the Saints, great Prince of Peace,
Now bless this sacred Rite;
Thy Promise fulfil,
Thy Glory reveal,
And fill us with Joy and Delight.

2

Inflam'd with thy constraining Love,
We travel Zion's Road,
Baptize in the Name
Of Jesus the Lamb,
And wait for the Blessing of God.

3

Now give us all a Jordan's View
Of the fair Worlds above;
And while we explore,
We'll praise and adore,
Transported with Jesus's Love.

HYMN CCXXIII. *The same.*

1

THUS Saints the Saviour's Word regard,
Descending in his liquid Tomb;
Thus own their great redeeming Lord,
As by redeeming Love o'ercome.

2

Lord, now on ev'ry Spirit move,
The Glories of thy Throne display;
May Sinners feel thy pard'ning Love,
And follow Jesus in the Way.

HYMN CCXXIV. *Baptism.*

1

NOW, Lord, before we leave thy Courts,
We offer grateful Praiſe;
For ſtill do we prove
The Wonders of Love,
While walking in Jeſus's Ways.

2

Surely thy Preſence fills the Place,
Thy ſtately Steps we ſee;
And happily find
Sweet Peace in the Mind,
While Jeſus's Word we obey.

3

O bleſſed Lord, this great Command
To ev'ry Heart proclaim;
Thy Mercy diſplay,
While Thouſands obey,
And chearfully follow the Lamb.

HYMN CCXXV. *The ſame.*

1

HARK! hark! ye Saints, 'tis Jeſus ſpeaks,
To Jeſus now attend;
This is the Way the Saints of old
Confeſs'd their dying Friend.

2

Lord, may we ſtill thy Paths purſue,
Thy great Commands obey;
And view the Smiles of thy dear Face
In each appointed Way.

HYMN CCXXVI. *Baptiſm.*

1

'TIS Jeſus doth ſave,
The Witneſs we have,
When buried with him in the watery Grave,

2

And when we ariſe,
We lift up our Eyes,
And ſee, with Amazement, the opening Skies.

3

Jehovah comes down
The Precept to own,
And doth with his Preſence the Ordinance crown.

4

And ſweetly we prove,
By Whiſpers of Love,
That we ſhall ſoon meet in the Regions above.

HYMN CCXXVII. *The ſame.*

1

WHAT are thoſe Rays of ſhining Light,
That ſtream from yonder Hill?
While we behold the wond'rous Scene,
Pleaſures divine we feel.

2

Surely Jehovah is well pleas'd,
Elſe why theſe Beams of Love?
While we obey this high Command,
What growing Joys we prove!

HYMN CCXXVIII. *The Lord's Supper.*

1

THIS Bread, and this Wine,
Is Food all divine,
For thro' it the glorious Redeemer doth shine.

2

May each happy Guest
Find this a rich Feast,
And with the Lord's Presence be sweetly refresh'd.

3

Lord, strengthen the Faint,
Remove each Complaint;
May Glory come down upon every Saint.

4

And while we delight
In such a grand Sight,
May Jesus our Souls in Affection unite.

HYMN CCXXIX. *The same.*

1

LORD, may we ever think on Thee,
"Who bled on Calv'ry's awful Tree;
And as thou didst in Blood expire,
We'd ever bleeding Love admire."

2

Yes; we'd admire, with ravish'd Eyes,
Thine efficacious Sacrifice;
Thee would we praise with ev'ry Breath,
And sing the Triumphs of thy Death.

HYMN CCXXX. *The Lord's Supper.*

1

COME, O thou Sun of Righteouſneſs,
And ſet our Spirits free;
And clearly make known
The Joys of thy Throne,
The Joys of Obedience to thee.

2

Now at thy Table we confeſs
Thou art the Lamb of God;
And we who believe
Salvation receive,
And triumph in Calvary's Blood.

3

While we partake the broken Bread,
And drink the flowing Wine,
O may we rejoice,
With Heart, and with Voice,
And ſing a Salvation divine.

HYMN CCXXXI. *The ſame.*

1

THUS, thus the happy Sons of God
Feed on Chriſt's Fleſh, and drink his Blood;
And feel their Souls aſpire above,
While viewing Jeſu's bleeding Love.

2

Now we are round the ſacred Board,
O may we all behold the Lord;
Before his Croſs may Sin depart,
And Love divine fill ev'ry Heart.

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Is Food all divine,
For thro' it the glorious Redeemer doth shine.

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While viewing Jeſu's bleeding Love.

2

Now we are round the ſacred Board,
O may we all behold the Lord;
Before his Croſs may Sin depart,
And Love divine fill ev'ry Heart.

HYMN CCXXXII.

Lord's Supper, or Baptism.

1

NOW, ye dear Saints, break out in Praise;
See how the Lord his Love displays;
Our Conduct meets his high Applause,
While we revere his sacred Laws.

2

He's ever pleas'd, when we obey
And honour each appointed Way;
Obedience to his glorious Word
Speaks, that he's worthy of Regard.

3

Dear God, thy Blessing now impart,
And give us each a thankful Heart;
Soon may we dwell where Jesus reigns,
And praise him in the noblest Strains.

HYMN CCXXXIII. *The same.*

1

JESUS, thy Word, we now obey
In purest Gospel Love;
Now let us view thy chearing Smiles,
And all thy Mercy prove.

2

More may the highly favour'd Saints
Honour the Saviour's Word;
And feel themselves constrain'd to say,
'Tis good to serve the Lord.

HYMN CCXXXIV.

At a Church Meeting, before Experiences.

1

NOW we are met in holy Fear
To hear the happy Saints declare,
The free Compaſſions of a God,
The Virtues of a Saviour's Blood.

2

Jeſus, aſſiſt them now to tell
What they have felt, and *now* they feel;
O Saviour, help them to expreſs
The Wonders of triumphant Grace.

3

While to the Church they freely own
What for their Souls the Lord hath done,
We'd join to praiſe eternal Love,
And heighten all the Joys above.

HYMN CCXXXV. *After Experiences.*

1

DEAR Saviour, we rejoice to hear
Poor Sinners ſweetly tell
How thou art pleas'd to ſave from Sin,
From Sorrow, Death, and Hell.

2

Lord, we unite to praiſe thy Name
For Grace ſo freely giv'n;
Still may they keep in Zion's Road,
And dwell at laſt in Heav'n.

HYMN CCXXXVI.

Taking Persons into the Church.

1

O With what Pleasure we behold
Sinners to Canaan move,
Leaving the fleeting Things of Earth
For greater Things above.

2

These Saints have openly confess'd
The great Immanuel's Name;
And with Delight the Church receives
The Lovers of the Lamb.

3

Lord, may they ever live to thee,
And grow in heav'nly Love;
Still may they fight the Fight of Faith,
'Till crown'd with those above.

HYMN CCXXXVII. *The same.*

1

THESE honour'd Saints, redeem'd by Blood,
Now join the happy Church of God;
Drawn by the Force of sov'reign Grace,
In Zion now they take their Place.

2

With Pleasure we the Saints behold,
Joining the great Redeemer's Fold;
May we with them for ever prove
A Gospel Church, the House of Love.

HYMN CCXXXVIII.

Taking Perſons into the Church.

1

FIRST have theſe Lovers of the Word
Yielded their Souls to Chriſt the Lord;
Now to the Church themſelves they give,
Now to the Saviour may they live.

2

Lord, may theſe honour'd Saints of thine
Ever on thy dear Breaſt recline;
Thy Name revere, thy Word obey;
And, O for ever, watch and pray.

3

May they continue in thy Ways,
Delight to pray,—delight to praiſe;
May they with us abide in Love,
And ſhortly ſoar to Realms above.

HYMN CCXXXIX. *Diſmiſſion.*

1

LORD, may we now depart,
Fill'd with celeſtial Love;
Where'er we go, may all our Souls
Be fix'd on Things above.

2

Still may we watch and pray,
Look forward to the Prize;
Finiſh, at laſt, the heav'nly Courſe,
Then ſhine above the Skies.

HYMN CCXL. *Diſmiſſion.*

1

NOW, deareſt Lord, we bleſs thy Name,
That we thy Saints together came;
The Houſe of God we now revere,
As God himſelf is truly here.

2

Tho' from thy Temple we depart,
May Love abide in ev'ry Heart;
And let us tell our Friends around,
What boundleſs Grace in Chriſt is found.

HYMN CCXLI. *The ſame.*

1

NOW, Lord, before thy Children part,
Reveal thy Bleſſing to each Heart;
Then we ſhall all depart in Peace,
Adoring of the God of Grace.

2

And tho' we now do part awhile,
We ſoon ſhall mount yon heav'nly Hill;
To Jeſu's Throne we all ſhall ſoar,
There ſweetly meet to part no more.

HYMN CCXLII. *The ſame.*

LORD, here we met to praiſe and pray,
Now let us part in Love;
Enjoy thy Favour Day by Day,
'Till we all meet above.

HYMN CCXLIII.

On the Parable of the Barren Fig-Tree. From Luke xiii. 6 *to* 9.

1

LORD, I've long abus'd thy Favours,
Long diſhonour'd thy dear Name,
Days and Months, and Years revolving,
Riſe and Witneſs to my Shame;
Too much like the barren Fig-Tree
Does my Spirit ſtill appear;
Flaming Wrath would quickly ſeize me,
If my Jeſus were ſevere.

2

Long I've ſlighted all thy Goodneſs,
Set at nought thy flowing Blood;
Ne'er can I expect Forgiveneſs,
If thou art not truly God;
GOD THOU ART—and ALL FORBEARANCE!
Favours doſt thou ſtill repeat;
Surely thou haſt not forſaken
Souls that mourn their barren State.

3

I, e'en I, would e'er be mourning,
While my Evils I explore;
Mourn, that I've been ſo unfruitful,
Mourn, becauſe I mourn no more!
Jeſus, let thy ſparing Mercy
All my Powers now inflame;
Let my Soul be ever yielding
Fruit, *much Fruit*, to thy great Name.

4

Now I'd live to thee ſincerely,
Ever burn with Love divine;
May the Graces of thy Spirit
Ever thro' my Conduct ſhine;
Then ſhall I be truly happy,
Yes,—it ſhall be well with me;
Well in my expiring Moments,
Well to all Eternity.

HYMN CCXLIV.

The Beauties of Goſpel Love.

Particularly adapted to a Church Meeting, or any Chriſtian Society.

1

HOW good, how glorious, 'tis to ſee
The Church of Chriſt in Harmony,
Appearing like a new-born Race,
Proving the Pow'r of ſov'reign Grace.

2

How doth the Saviour's Love cement
Brother to Brother, Saint to Saint;
Before it *Names* and *Parties* fall,
And *ſimple Love* is *all* in *all*.

3

Envy and Malice loſe their Pow'r;
Clamour, and Wrath, is heard no more;
The Force of ſtruggling Nature fails,
And Hell's ſubdu'd when Love prevails.

4

Love makes the happy Saints unite
To ſerve each other with Delight;
Each feels his Brother's Care and Grief,
And runs to give a kind Relief.

5

In Paths of Peace they ſwiftly move,
And traverſe o'er the Fields of Love;
Kindly they help each other on,
And preſs towards the heav'nly Throne.

6

Now, Lord, may we, thy favour'd Train,
Ever in pureſt Love remain;
May Diſcords evermore ſubſide,
And we appear like Jeſu's Bride.

7

May we in Peace be ever found,
And Grace in ev'ry Heart abound;
Soon may we mount the Heights above,
And live in all the Blaze of Love.

8

Then will we ſing with all our Might,
Through the refulgent Courts of Light;
Higheſt Hoſannas ſhall we raiſe,
And ſpend Eternity in Praiſe.

HYMN CCXLV. *Praising the Redeemer.*

1 COME, come, ye happy, happy Saints,
The heav'nly Lamb adore;
Dwell on his *everlasting Love*,
AND "PRAISE HIM EVERMORE."

2 Spread his dear Name thro' all the Earth,
Sing his eternal Pow'r:
Shout the rich Fountain of his Blood,
AND "PRAISE HIM EVERMORE."

3 Up to the Courts, where now he reigns,
May all our Spirits soar;
Fully survey his Mercy-Seat,
AND "PRAISE HIM EVERMORE."

4 Hark! how the Angels chant his Name;
See how they all adore;
Triumph and *wonder*, *gaze* and *sing*,
AND "PRAISE HIM EVERMORE."

5 Saints who surround the dazzling Throne,
Their tuneful Voices raise;
Higher than *Angels* bear *their* Songs,
The glorious SONGS of PRAISE.

6 Come, O my Spirit, *higher still*,
Swell the celestial Lays;
Higher than all the *Heights of Heaven*,
Sound "JESU'S ENDLESS PRAISE."

7 Come, all ye Sinners, who in Heart
Your awful State deplore;
Wash in the Saviour's healing Blood,
AND "PRAISE HIM EVERMORE."

THE END.

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